

THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Journal of American and Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 138.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 22, 1849.

\$3 PER ANNUM.

EVERT A. & GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION 157 BROADWAY.

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A MANHATTANER IN NEW ORLEANS. XII.—STREET SIDE PENCILINGS—THE ST. GILES'S OF NEW ORLEANS—ST. LOUIS CEMETERY.

PASSING by the *Place des Armes*, and the things which nudge it on every side, such as fruit stalls, and rickety cabs driven by picturesque drivers, who form a cosmopolitan gallery of portraits as they slumber listlessly on their sun-baked leather seats; and the temporary print galleries besides, around the iron railing of the park—print galleries that all day long exhibit with commendable gratuity sailors in large trousers on large sheets of paper, bidding tender adieus to sweethearts in pink gowns, with balloon sleeves, to say nothing of the various military heroes who are giving, or receiving, or using swords (the latter occurring oftenest in the vicinity of heavy white smoke, whose puffy rolling volume leads you to query whether or not there be near by the camping-ground, a Dutch alehouse); passing all these, I say, and entering Condé street (your back to the more modern parts of the city), you approach the St. Giles's of New Orleans. All cities have their St. Giles's precincts, where poverty and vice run races on the different human courses with want and passion, and form pictures for the eloquence of political orators to descant upon, or legislative Solons to construct statistical tables from, when that eternal subject, the amelioration of the lower orders, is broached.

But the St. Giles's of New Orleans, in its oddity of mixture and variety of characteristic, will challenge interest with any other city.

Picayune dram houses (better known among Crescent citizens as cabarets) smoke each other (tobacco wise) at every few steps, whatever way you turn. High brick buildings, filled from ground floors to attics with "apartment lodgers," line the narrow streets about on every side, towards the river, or in the lane-like streets which bear the Mississippi company upon his downward course. Scold-

ing wives with dishevelled hair and dirty babies (infant specimens of at least six nations), compliment themselves and their acquaintances who may be within ear-shot distance, in language more vigorous and more curious from variety of dialect, than choice. Frenchmen are near by gesticulating; Dutchmen jabbering and making your jaws ache in sympathy within their very sockets; Italians chattering up and down; some of all these in blouses, some in nautical rig; others with scarcely a truthful claim to habiliment of any sort. Old clo' shops of a mouldy smell, junk shops, where the prevailing smell is of chains and ringbolts (if you have ever been sea-sick and will pass them by, you cannot fail to recognise the aptitude of an illustration else reprehensible), and shoe shops are side by side in amicable intercourse. Teakettles and bananas; bunches of keys and red or yellow kerchiefs; soap and straw hats; candles of prodigious length at times and prunella gaiters with polished toes (quite the thing for a kick polite); marvellously-cheap shirts, rainbow hued, as they lie together; knives and flageolet; and not to prolong a catalogue of incongruous articles of exchange and sale, articles of all possible utility, are roasting together store by store in the sun, or suffering from the cruel damp, according as may be the atmosphere of the day about them. Here, too, a cobbler has possession of the *trottoir*, and is hammering away to the march in "*La Fille du Regiment*," which he heard the last Sunday evening at the Orleans Theatre. There, a tinman's itinerant furnace and forge are making the curb-stone swell with indignant heat. Not far-off a brace of "rag hookers" are disputing the middle of the street with a couple of quarrelling negro garçons. Heads decorated with red and yellow flaring cotton kerchiefs, brown, black, or fallow faces underneath, are seen at every window. There are artisan signs in French, in numbers enough to give any four blocks in throbbing Broadway, the most business-like appearance desirable. Far and near idleness and industry, dissipation and petty commerce, at their appropriate places of abode, are "holding their own." And as in the midst of all this you stop in the narrow streets and look at the narrow-bricked houses, and have your ears full of strange sounds, you wonder whether you have not bestridden the flying horse, and gone abroad to places Continental: the thought is but for a moment, for you have asked yourself the question fifty times before, on other occasions.

This so termed Crescent City St. Giles's, is embraced by half a dozen blocks, which also assist the ship-besieged levee in environing the lower markets, and a water-raising engine, which sobs and wheezes by the side of a Bunker-Hill Monument chimney, as it pumps up water from the river to fill the underground pipes of the First Municipality; you soon get a headache walking around them, and taking a river street, move downward. Still, dram shops and junk shops as you go; more flaring goods and shining shoes; oyster stands now and then for variety; drays are thundering by; and yet and yet, as square on square is passed, the million wheels of commerce are turning in a ceaseless round; a cheering

round, too, as one thinks of the sums total of bank accounts that everything is momentarily swelling. You are soon by the side of a compact brown building, fronting on a wide street (greedy of ground it is, and has a square to itself), with green grass and shrubbery about it, which look strangely but gratefully amid all the dust and smoke about. It comes quite apropos to your last train of thought upon bank accounts, for it is the Branch Mint building; within whose rigid walls are being put into unquestioned shapes the gold and silver whose power is reflected outside. Postponing a visit of examination until a leisure day, and a brief permit from the polite Superintendent is given for the purpose, you walk around it, and turn into Esplanade street, where your headache grows better, for the noise is not so stunning, and the heavy omnibuses that come lagging by meet with trifling regard, as the thoughts run upon the rattling and rumbling ten squares back. The street is wide, and the sun is hot—the scraggy trees upon the grass plot, that like as in Canal street divide the street into two causeways, only aggravate your appreciation of the fiery atmosphere—and after a short walk swampward, you turn up a narrow and shadier street. What odd-appearing tenements are met with! Local habitations surely possessing some distinctive name! Wide and low; the eaves projecting far over the sidewalk, and the roofs a problem for the skill of a student in geometry. "Whence the misery that lodges here," is an involuntary ejaculation—Misery! that is very good; glance in at the windows of these houses as you pass, and you find rich furniture and tokens of luxurious comfort, which give an earnest lie to the outside look. These odd-looking tenements are the dwellings of indolent Creoles, who dread staircases and high storied life as a savage dreads a fork for dinner purposes. From the outside, moreover, they have a somnolent look, and after a while you cease to wonder why Creole napping is so frequent and powerful.

Once more swampward! and Circus street is reached. More width; more scraggy trees; more length of double and broken curb-stone; more hot and dreamy quietude. Here is a Park, too, with primitive posts and consumptive grass; the stranger asks is it hallowed ground, so solemnly still is everything about, from the better class houses bounding it to the absurd brick and mortar building across it, known as the Calaboosse or prison, and even including the frightful watchbox at the corner, where a smoke-dried Frenchman tinkles a bell whenever word is brought to him that a fire is burning within the precincts of his watch duty. It is no hallowed ground; and you will believe this well if you will come of a Sunday afternoon and witness crowds of happy servants shaking the swampy soil with dancing and jumping, or frightening with the noise of clattering tones and barrel-headed drumming the aforesaid bell-ringer from his rickety retreat. So too, if you will come when a huge tent covers a corner of it, and the noise of four trombones and one drum of astounding power of endurance that blow and thump all the beauty out of the Star-spangled Banner (really *executing* it, as promised in the

small and dirty-typed bills), suggests to you that a Circus is in full exhibition, whereat occur grand Bedouin entries of thirty horses with candle-faced riders, not to forget the astonishing feats of the Brigand, who is understood to illustrate robber life in Italy, by raising himself up and down on a superannuated horse, and now and then exploding a pocket pistol.

Gazing about as you lounge in this Park, you see the tops of some half dozen masts near by. The Mississippi has as many curious turns as any nervous woman,—you have already discovered that; and can it be that after having left it as you thought a mile behind, you have again come upon it? This little lane turn will explain matters; and it opens to view a fifty feet basin, the termination of a canal, which extends lazily into Lake Pontchartrain through a sleepy stretch of cypress-covered swamp. But the Canal is under Creole government, and little of bustle is seen about. A few bales of cotton, a pile or so of lumber, some cut fire wood, are lying around. A dray stands by with its boy looking vainly about for some knowing one to inquire of. Vainly, for the skippers and their crew are quarrelling in a cabaret near by, over a game of stained dominoes and some *rin ordinaire*. If the commercial prosperity of New Orleans had always depended upon Creole enterprise, I fear me the purchase of Louisiana would not have been so highly lauded as now.

Again pedestrating upwards through the rear faubourg of the First Municipality, where the houses are universally low in height, and with projecting eaves (small array of furniture although), and walking upon long thick bits of plank, once the gunwales of flatboats (and the universal sidewalks of New Orleans suburbs, where the little-trodden marshy soil sponges up bricks and stones as though they were grains of sand), in a few squares' stretch, you will reach the St. Louis Cemetery—Roman Catholic soil. A street intersects it, and brick walls with ominous-appearing gates hem it in; making a species of fortification, as if the living were in danger of storming a citadel where death was an inmate.

Various poets have called cemeteries cities of the dead; and the expression is forcible applied to those of New Orleans, of which the St. Louis is a representative specimen. Cities of the dead; because from the peculiar moisture of the soil interments are in tombs and oven-like vaults, constructed above ground; the latter in tiers of three and four along the cemetery walls, built of brick and faced with marble, upon which to inscribe the words with which affection consecrates entombed dust. In the area are private tombs constructed with granite or marble, and varied in form and finish by taste and worldly circumstance. To some, this idea of burial above ground, where each body has, as it were, a mansion to itself, and which in most cases is just large enough to hold the coffin, is revolting. I have heard many a sojourner say, "Oh, if I die, send me for burial to my Northern home,—don't shut me up in those horrid cells." But to others, the idea that they stood by the side of one loved well, and conscious that but a foot of brick and mortar separated a friend's mortality (which fancy still kept as in life) from their own, was gratifying. Many of the private tombs of the St. Louis Cemetery are very costly, but for the most part more curious in design and execution than artistic. Some with recesses where private masses for the dead may be celebrated; with statues and figures of the saints; and decorated altars.

Many are old and crumbling, and dyed green with moisture.

When the first day of November comes in, and the religious index points to it on the calendar as "All Saints' Day," the St. Louis Cemetery is thronged with pious devotees of all ages and sexes—principally females—coming to offer up prayers at the burial altars of departed relatives, bringing tapers, and incense, and flowers, to put before them. It is not a little startling to jostle among the crowds (for I have seen at least three thousand people in attendance when the day was sunny), walking through avenues of tombs where the dead were laid in rows above each other. To many a tender frame has issued upon such occasions from the damp alleys and causeways, a death-warrant which was sealed, delivered, and executed, before the expiration of another month. Of the crowd the largest number were mere idle spectators—many the butterflies of New Orleans, who gaped, wondered, chatted, and talked, as though it were a gala day, and they invited or privileged guests at some great fête. But the humble kneelers heeded them not, and absorbed in their private griefs, thought little of the flippant laugh or stare of curiosity around them. As after such a day I have turned down Toulouse street, leaving a hum of voices behind me in this "city of the dead," I have thought here is but another witness to the force of the old aphorism, "all men think all men mortal but themselves."

Gleanings of a Continental Tour.

IV.—HEIDELBERG.

THERE is to most scholars an indescribable fascination in the town of Heidelberg. I have known few who did not possess a kind of affectionate regard for the place, yet fewer still who could assign any satisfactory reason for such a feeling. It is not more beautiful, not more venerable, not gayer than many other places, yet, somehow, the mind lingers on it, and the mere word seems to possess a charm. I entered it with this feeling, and I came to love its walks, its placidity, nay, the very monotony and ordinary aspect of its Hauptstrasse shops, till, on leaving it, I felt as if parting from a friend; and now, when I sit down to impart to others my impressions and admiration, I feel, as is generally the case with all agreeable cities visited and left, a yet more intense appreciation.

My entrance into it was favorable. I had left Frankfort the previous evening in the Diligence. Cooped up between two huge Germans, my five companions in the *intérieur* soon evidenced to me that they were true children of the Fatherland, at least in one respect—they soon, by the aid of five pipes, managed to fill the coach with smoke. A traveller, however, is not only active, but passive, too, and can bear a wonderful load of *desagrémens*, and I soon fell asleep. How they managed during the night I do not know, except that, when occasionally I opened my eyes, I found one at least of my companions yet paying his attentions to his adored, till, after a tolerably quiet succession of naps, we dashed down to the banks of a river, and I could distinguish on the other side, by the help of the young moon, the dim outlines of houses and a city. Yes, it was indeed the "steel-blue Neckar" by which we were travelling, and we were about to enter the city of Heidelberg. The sun was yet considerably below the horizon; even the morning twilight had hardly begun, but the cold grey light which precedes it was over

everything and covered it with a sombre and meditative haze, which I have since thought a fit accompaniment to the scene. The diligence thundered over the noble stone bridge, with its saints in solemn rows, and we were soon deposited like a package of merchandise in the diligence yard. I met at the Badischer Hof and awakened from his sleep at five in the morning, one of the best and dearest of friends, who had left America since I had, and I did not feel like a stranger in Heidelberg.

The city is beautifully situated at the foot of the mountain on which the castle stands, its other side washed by the Neckar. Sheltered under the shadow of this hill, it looks forth over the lovely expanse of cultivated land through which the Neckar strays to throw itself, twelve miles off, into the Rhine. The Rhine itself, and some of its villages, can be seen from this spot, and, beyond, the blue mountains of Alsace close in the panorama.

The city itself is a true German one, with little architectural beauties. The irregular line of the Hauptstrasse is only interesting in the evening, when, from the coquettish habit of leaving the window-shutters open, one can study the history of many a family party, of many a quiet courtship. We pause daily to examine the grotesque, elaborately ornamented front of the Zum Ritter Haus, a venerable domestic relic of the old time, which has probably seen its three bombardments and ten touches of war, and we stand still to view the grotesque scene of the market-place. To the market-place I always go to study the national costumes, and the national manners, too. I like

"from the loopholes of retreat,
To gaze on such a world,"

leaning beside the corner of a wall, and eased in the incognito of the vagrant lion-hunter, to see all the bustle, business, and parade of an European market-place, and be unseen or unregarded. In all the streets, but especially in the principal one, where they can bow impudently to some *mamselle* at the window, whom they do not know, a prominent class is seen to be the students, of this true student place, this focus of the "student life" of Germany. Here, if they are not so numerous, their manners are more characteristic than elsewhere. Where at Berlin they would soon be checked by the civil authority, they have license in Heidelberg. A true Heidelberg student is not to be mistaken. They are by no means an ill-favored race naturally, but their fault lies in being more natural than elegant. Long black hair worn à la mode republicaine, hangs on their shoulders; furious, grisly mustaches just let us see an opening where there should be a mouth, from whence depends a meerschaum or other less costly pipe, with its ascending clouds; a costume *sui generis* topped by a jaunty green cap, and to which a *negligé* air is imparted by the absence of shirt-collar and cravat, and their necks Byronically bare, complete the student of this ancient university. These students, it may be fairly surmised, do not spend all their time in study; and they are thrown on themselves for their amusements. There is a tradition of such things as beer-carousings and duels, if not always very bloody. The town can furnish them little recreation, except an occasional surprise, such as I witnessed in its pretty little square of clipped trees in the shape of a travelling circus. The whole establishment was simple enough, consisting merely of a rope to stretch a circle which should keep off the laughing, enjoying crowd, a smart and bright-eyed little pony, who seemed to feel

the responsibility of his office, and to consider himself as one of the firm, and who labored hard to do his best, and lastly the riding-master and clown, both women, dealing out German jokes at a tooth-drawing rate. The university itself is a dull, unremarkable edifice, not very large, but is one of the oldest in Germany, having been founded in 1386, and at this day numbers some very able men in its faculty, especially in its department of civil law,—men known perhaps to few in this country, but with a German, if not an European reputation, and who, in the late war of Germany with Denmark, did much to create the disturbances, and “make the worse appear the better reason.” But one of the most illustrious, and certainly the most singular professor, was the celebrated Olympia Morata. Flying from persecution in Italy, and seeking a refuge in Heidelberg, her learning and condition made her welcome to the university, and her romantic history and ingenious character render her humble tomb in the church of St. Peter’s here an object of affectionate interest. The Library is one of the little ones of Europe, yet nearly three times as large as our largest, containing 163,000 volumes, part of which were stolen in the thirty years’ war and taken to Rome. It has several curiosities by that stout old German, Martin Luther, one of those who have (apart from his religious changes) won for themselves a patent of immortality, and the books are bound in dusty, scholar-like parchment, without show or parade, as if made to be studied, and not merely looked at. To see the students in the auditoriums one would never suppose the Burschen such as books describe them. But there they are at work, and they work well: visit them at play. The beer and smoking-shops, the fruitful source of quarrels and duels, are scattered through the town. I at first felt as much repugnance to their beer as to their duels, but custom does wonders—it is a bitter, drowsy liquid, served up in large pewter mugs. In justice, however, to the many educated scholars and high-minded gentlemen, who would honor any place (many from our own land), we must confess that the roysters of Heidelberg are “but its outcasts;” and that here, as elsewhere, the elegant and the vulgar can find each their fitting associates. One of the curiosities of the place is the little house, just over the Neckar bridge, where student-duels are always fought. On a moonlight night it seems made for secret work, the mountain throwing sublimely black shadows, like ink, the castle glowing and flittering above, fear-like, and the statues on the bridge almost mistakable for spectres as they whitely glisten in the moonbeams. The very town, though shadowy, seems a relief. It is indeed such a scene as rouses up our romance, if we have any, and makes us drink in the beauty and delight of that mysterious chain, which links us with the external world, and as we walk back through the quiet streets, the presence of the habitations of men, and the pencils of light which cross each other from the windows, make us feel warmer and more akin to man and his affections.

But the castle itself is the pride and glory of Heidelberg, nay, of Germany,—glorious, noble, magnificent mass! It bears on its face and has shared all the dangers which the town has passed through, and no town has been more severely dealt with. The great thirty years’ war, that glorious period of romance, that terrible period of religious conflict which we can never praise, when we think of the ferocious disciplinarian Tilly, and can hardly

wish blotted out, as it produced a Gustavus Adolphus, the beau-ideal of a warrior, a man, and a sovereign,—this long sustained conflict which devastated Germany, commenced the evils of this once splendid city, which has been “five times bombarded, twice laid in ashes, and thrice taken by assault and delivered over to pillage.” The castle yet stands, wonderful. So thick are its walls that the French in vain essayed to blow up its round tower, which fell in one mass to the ground. The defences are tolerably strong, but in other respects this great edifice resembles more a palace than a castle, especially from the elaborate richness of its front, which looks on the Neckar, and faces its mountain gorge. I never felt less inclined to be thankful for the absence of the eternal *valets de place*, and less anxious about the *locus in quo* of each historical event, how this tower was called, or what princely booby slept in that wing of the building, and how many gallons the great Heidelberg tun contains. The general impressions are enough. The gardens of the castle are most sylvan and lovely, with winding walks like those in forests, fountains, and springs, and nature loveliest when left to herself. The beautiful Linden trees of the place, so thick and so fresh, are immortal in literature; and I rejoice that one of the truest poets of our land has, in the most imaginative of American books, increased the store of our associations with them. The principal walk winds from the castle in a semicircle round the brow of the receding hill, and leads us to a built-out terrace, with a most perfect view of the town, the Neckar, the bridge, the gorge and the castle itself, standing a mass of bright red stone, on another brow of the hill, from which it is separated by a woody gorge, while behind rises the Königstuhl mountain with its forest garment. It is a fit place to take an adieu of Heidelberg, in parting from which one lingers long in love, because it contains not mere sights, however interesting, but such as suggest to the mind associations which had been cherished before, and appeal to the heart as well as the intellect.

“The beings of the mind are not of clay.
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray,
And more beloved existence.”—BYRON.

J. B.

Passages from New Books.

THE DEATH OF AGRIPPINA, THE MOTHER OF NERO.

[A specimen of a translation of Tacitus (Annals, xiv. 39), by GEORGE LONG, the translator of Plutarch, from Knight’s “Half Hours with the best Authors.”]

NERO now began to shun all private interviews with his mother: whenever she withdrew to her gardens, or her villa at Tusculum, or to the neighborhood of Antium, he would commend her for seeking retirement. At last, feeling her existence a heavy burden to him wherever she might be, he resolved to put her to death, the only matter of deliberation with him being whether he should get rid of her by poison, by the dagger, or by some other violent means. His first resolve was to take her off by poison. But, if poison should be given to her at the emperor’s table, it could not be imputed to accident, for Britannicus had already perished by the same means; to tamper with the attendants of Agrippina appeared hazardous, for her experience in crime had made her vigilant against treachery, and she had fortified herself against poisons by the habit of taking antidotes. If the dagger was employed, nobody could suggest how the murder should be concealed; and Nero feared that, whoever

was selected to commit so great a crime, he might refuse to obey the emperor’s commands.

Anicetus, a freedman, offered the resources of his invention. He was the commander of the fleet at Misenum, had been engaged in the education of Nero, and he and Agrippina hated one another. He told Nero that a vessel might be so constructed, that part of it could be detached when the vessel was afloat, and Agrippina thrown into the water before she was aware of it; that nothing gave so many chances of accident as the sea; and if Agrippina should perish in the wreck, who could be so unreasonable as to impute to crime what was the fault of the wind and waves? that, when Agrippina was dead, the emperor could build a temple and erect altars to her memory, and make other demonstrations of filial affection. The device was approved, and it was favored by the time, for Agrippina was in the habit of attending the festival of the Quinquatrus at Baïæ. To that place Nero lured his mother, often declaring “that sons ought to bear with the angry passions of their parents and try to pacify them,” in order that he might give rise to reports of a reconciliation, and that Agrippina might believe it, for women are easily disposed to credit anything that pleases them. On her arrival, he went to meet her on the shore, for she came from Antium; he took her by the hand, embraced her, and conducted her to Bauli. That was the name of a villa, which was situated between the promontory Misenum and the lake of Baïæ, and washed by the waves of the sea, which there forms a kind of bay.

Among the rest of the vessels one more highly ornamented than the others was lying there, as if this also were designed to do honor to his mother, for she had been accustomed to sail in a trireme and have a body of rowers belonging to the fleet. She was also invited to a banquet, that advantage might be taken of the night to conceal the crime. It is well ascertained that some one betrayed the treacherous design of Nero; and Agrippina being informed of it, and doubtful whether to give credit to it or not, was carried to Baïæ in a litter. The blandishments of her son removed her fears. She was kindly received, and had a place at table assigned to her above Nero. Sometimes adopting the ordinary familiarity of youth, and then assuming a more serious air, as if his purpose was to mingle business and pleasure, Nero prolonged the entertainment by varied conversation; and, when Agrippina rose to go away, he accompanied her to the sea-shore, keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon her, and pressing to her bosom, either to fill up the measure of his simulation, or it may be that the last sight of a mother who was going to her death absorbed all the thoughts of his mind, brutal though he was.

The gods had given a starlight night and a tranquil sea, as if to furnish evidence of the crime. The ship had not advanced far, with two of the intimate friends of Agrippina who accompanied her, Crepereius Gallus, who was standing not far from the helm, and Acerronia, who was lying at the feet of her mistress, and joyfully speaking of the change in Nero’s temper and his reconciliation with his mother, when, on a signal being given, the roof of the place, which was loaded with lead, tumbled down, and Crepereius was immediately crushed to death. Agrippina and Acerronia were protected by the sides of the chamber, which happened to be strong enough to resist the weight: nor did the vessel fall in pieces, for most of the men on board were in a state of

alarm; and those who were unacquainted with the design (and they were the greater part) impeded the movements of those who were privy to it. The rowers advised that the vessel should be thrown on one side and thus sunk. But neither could the rowers promptly come to an agreement about such a measure at the moment, and the rest by resisting it allowed Agrippina and her attendant to fall more gently into the sea. While Acerronia, who lost her presence of mind, was calling out that she was Agrippina, and imploring help for the emperor's mother, she was despatched with boat-poles and oars and other naval implements which chanced to be in the way. Agrippina kept silent, and was consequently not so well recognised, but yet she received one wound on her shoulder. She swam till she fell in with some boats, by which she was conveyed into the Lucrine Lake, and thence to her own villa. There turning over in her mind the various circumstances,—that it was expressly for this purpose that she had been invited by the treacherous letters and treated with particular distinction; that it was near the shore, without being driven by the winds or dashed against rocks, that the upper part of the vessel had fallen in, just as any construction on land might have done; considering too the death of Acerronia, and casting her eyes on her own wound; reflecting that the only protection against treachery was to affect not to see it,—she sent her freedman, Agerinus, to tell her son that, by the blessing of the gods and her own good fortune, she had escaped a grievous accident; she entreated him, however alarmed he might be at his mother's danger, to defer the trouble of paying her a visit. In the meantime, assuming an appearance of being perfectly at ease, she dressed her wound, and used warm applications to her body. She ordered the testament of Acerronia to be sought for, and her goods to be sealed: in this alone there was no simulation.

Nero, who was waiting for the news of the completion of his crime, received intelligence that Agrippina had escaped with no further injury than a slight blow: she had just been in danger enough to leave no doubt in her mind who had planned it.

Half-dead with terror, and crying out that his mother might be expected every moment, eager for revenge: that she would either arm the slaves or inflame the soldiers, or make her way to the senate and people, and urge against him the wreck of the vessel, her wound, and the death of her friends: what protection had he against her, if Seneca and Burrus could not devise something? and he immediately sent for them. It is doubtful whether they were already acquainted with his designs. Both were silent for some time, either because they thought it useless to attempt to dissuade Nero, or they believed that things had come to that pass, that Nero must perish if Agrippina was not removed out of the way. Seneca at last so far took the lead as to look to Burrus, and ask whether the soldiers should receive orders to kill Agrippina. Burrus replied that the Prætorians were devoted to all the family of the Cæsars; that they cherished the memory of Germanicus, and they would not venture on any extreme measures against his children; Anicetus, he said, should perform his promise. Without any hesitation Anicetus asked to be allowed to complete his crime. Upon hearing these words, Nero declared that on that day the empire was really conferred on him, and to a freedman he owed the gift: he bade him go quick, and take with him the readiest men to execute his commands. Nero himself, hearing

that Agerinus had come to him with a message from Agrippina, adopted a theatrical contrivance to make him look like a criminal: while Agerinus was delivering his message, he threw down a dagger at his feet. He then commanded him to be put in chains, as if he had been detected in an attempt at assassination, in order that he might invent a false story of his mother having plotted the destruction of the emperor, and then, through shame at her crime being detected, having committed suicide.

In the meantime, the danger of Agrippina was noised abroad, but only as an accident; and the people, as they heard of it, hurried to the shore. Some got upon the mole, others into the nearest boats: some waded into the sea as far as they could; and some stretched out their hands; the whole coast was filled with the cries, the prayers, the shouts of people asking various questions or giving uncertain answers. A great multitude crowded thither with lights; and, when it was generally known that Agrippina was safe, they were preparing to give her their congratulations, when they were dispersed by the threats of a body of armed men.

Anicetus posted men about Agrippina's villa, and, bursting open the door, he seized the slaves, whom he met before he reached the door of the chamber. A few slaves were standing there: the rest had been frightened away by the soldiers breaking in. In the chamber there was a feeble light and a single female slave. Agrippina was growing more and more uneasy that no messenger came from her son; that even Agerinus did not return. The face of the shore was now changed; there were solitude and sudden noises, and the indications of some extreme calamity. As her slave was going away, Agrippina cried out, "Do you too leave me?" and seeing Anicetus, accompanied by Hercules, a captain of a trireme, and Oloaritus, a centurion in the fleet, she said, "if he had come to see her, he must tell Nero that she was recovered; if he had come to commit a crime, she would not believe that her son was privy to it; he would not command the murder of his mother." The assassins surrounded the bed, and the commander of the trireme was the first to strike her on the head with a club. As the centurion was drawing his sword to kill her, she presented her womb, and said, "Strike here;" and she was despatched with many wounds. So far all agree. As to Nero coming to see the body of his mother, and praising the beauty of her person, there are some authorities that have so stated, and there are some that deny it. She was burnt the same night, on a banqueting couch, and with the meanest ceremonial: nor, so long as Nero was in possession of power, was the earth piled up, or covered over.

By the care of her domestics a slight tumulus was afterwards raised on the place, near the road to Misenum and the villa of the Dictator Cæsar, which stands on the highest spot of ground and commands a prospect of the bay below. When the funeral pile was lighted, a freedman of Agrippina, named Mnester, stabbed himself; it is doubtful whether through affection to his mistress, or through fear of being put to death. Many years before Agrippina had believed that this would be her end, and she had braved it. For, when she was consulting the Chaldeans about Nero, they told her that Nero would be emperor, and would kill his mother: she replied, "Let him be my murderer, only let him reign."

Reviews.

MR. HERBERT'S ÆSCHYLUS.

The Prometheus and Agamemnon of Æschylus. Translated into English verse. By Henry William Herbert. Cambridge: John Bartlett.

ÆSCHYLUS has hardly received his merited honors from mere scholars, and his genius seems almost too romantic to have suited the taste of antiquity, if we may judge by the tone in which the ancient authors speak of him and his rivals. In our view he is second in tragic force to Shakspeare alone. With the embarrassment of the chorus, he has through all his tragedies managed so as to render that appendage of the stage as natural as possible, by infusing into their odes the directness, the fiery passion, the personal and lyrical feeling which, by arousing sympathy, puts the judgment asleep to all defects of construction.

In addition there are the bold and well defined personal traits of his characters, the energy of the action, the wildness of the passion he describes, and the lofty poetry that is its vehicle. Æschylus is the most English of the tragedians of antiquity.

The translations of the *Prometheus* and *Agamemnon* bear the marks of accurate scholarship and laborious finish, and present the most faithful reflex of the original. Though literal enough to aid a lazy collegian in his task, they will be read with pleasure by the mere English reader, who, while enjoying Mr. Herbert's version, may be assured of its faithfulness, not merely to the ideas, but the expressions of the Greek author.

The *Prometheus* has long been a favorite. The Satan of Milton has probably received some reflected shades from the character attributed by Æschylus to the suffering Titan.

The fine lament of *Prometheus* to the elements, after the departure of Hephaistes, is beautifully rendered:

"O heavenly ether, and swift-pinioned winds,
And founts of rivers, and of ocean waves
Laughter innumerable, and thou, mother Earth,
Parent of all, and thine all-seeing orb,
O Helios, I invoke! Behold! behold!
What wrongs, myself a God, from Gods I bear.
See by what tortures rent asunder
Myriads of ages here must I languish;

So base a chain
Has this new wielder of the thunder
Contrived, to glut against me his strong hate.
Woe! woe! the present and the future anguish
Compel my soul unwilling to complain!

When, when, or by what fate,
Shall these ages of agony terminate?
And yet what say I,—I, whose prescient ken
So knows the future that naught strange or new
Can come to grieve me? Best, then, to endure
Lightly the doom that still endured must be,
Knowing that fate will have its destined way.
Now neither to conceal nor tell my woes
Is left to me; by destiny severe
Thus yoked—aye me!—for gifts to mortals given.
For I it was the wondrous reed who bore
Filled with that stolen fount of fire divine,
Source of all arts, all happiness, to men.
And thence I writhed, on these harsh summits high,
In penal bonds, between the earth and sky.
But aye! aye me!
What sound is this? what viewless perfume rare,
Mortal, divine, or mingled, loads the air?
Who is 't that comes to this remotest rock?
With what intent, unless my woes to mock?
Behold me fettered here, that wretched God,
The defyer of Zeus, the detested of all
The Immortals who throng to the Thunderer's hall.
For that men I did over-revere.
Aye me! what a rush as of birds is on high!
What a whistling of pinions is loud in the sky!
Nothing comes but is pregnant with fear."

A passage from *Prometheus*' account to Io of her wanderings recalls to mind some of the poetic shadows of the classical Valpurgis Night in Goethe's *Faust*.

"The wild gulf passed, which bounds with foamy roar

This continent, pursue thy path of woe
Towards the bright-burning sunrise, till thou reach
Desert Kithere's Gorgon-haunted plain,
Where dwell the Phorkides in lonely eld,
Three swan-white maidens, with one eye for all,
One tooth,—whom never doth the sun's glad beam
Behold, nor gentler moon's nocturnal ray.
Nigh these, I warn thee, shun with fearful care
Their sisters, mortal-haters, serpent-haired,
The strong-winged Gorgons three, whom never yet
Bath man beheld, nor ever shall and live!
Hear now another perilous sight and wild,
Which thou must brave,—the unbarking dogs of Zeus,
The crook-beaked Gryphons, and that one-eyed host,
Horse-trampling, Arimaspians, who beside
The fount that flows with gold, nigh Pluton's stream,
Camp terrible."

The Agamemnon is a more regular drama than the Prometheus. The chief actors, and the tragic events of the legendary house of Pelops, are so well known, that no research is required from the general reader. The play in itself is recommended to our attention as one of a complete trilogy or set of dramas, following in regular order, and in no other of the ancient dramas extant is there displayed more greatness and distinctness in the characters represented. Mr. Herbert is right in saying that the Clytemnestra, in all that belongs to the bold bad woman, falls only short of the matchless conception of Shakspeare's Lady Macbeth.

One celebrated passage of the play has already been furnished to the Literary World* by Mr. Herbert. We allude to the fine description of the beacon telegraph that bears to Mycenæ the news of the capture of Troy. But the present passage will be found essentially different from that which appeared in an early number of our journal. The comparison of the two is of interest.

KLYTEMNESTRA.

Hephaistos, forth from Ida sending light.
Thence beacon hitherward did beacon speed
From that fire-signal. Ida to the steep
Of Hermes' hill in Lemnos; from the isle
Zeus' height of Athos did in turn receive
The third great bale of flame. The vigorous glare
Of the fast journeying pine-torch flared aloft,
Joy's harbinger, to skim the ridgy sea,
Sending its golden beams, even as the sun,
Up to Makistos' watch towers. Nothing loath
Did he, nor busily overcome by sleep,
Perform his herald part. Afar the ray
Burst on Euripos' stream, its beacons news
Telling the watchers on Messapion high.
They blazed in turn, and sent the tidings on,
Kindling with ruddy flame the beather grey.
Thence naught obscured, went up the mighty glow,
And, like the smiling moon, Asopos' plain
Overleaped, and on Kithairon's rock awoke
Another pile of telegraphic fire.
Nor did the watchmen there, with niggard hand,
Deny the torch, that blaze most bright of all.
Athwart the Lake Gorgopis shot the gleam,
Surring the guards on Agioplanctos' hill,
Lest it should fail to shine, the appointed blaze,
Kindled with generous zeal, they sent aloft
The mighty beard of flame, that streamed so high
To flash beyond the towering heights which guard
The gulf Saronic. Thence it shot,—it reached
Arachnes' cliff, the station next our town;
Down darting thence to the Atreides' roof,
Child of that fire that dawned on Ida's hill.

The choral prophecies of Cassandra, revealing the past horrors and the impending crimes of the ill-fated house of Pelops, exhibit the grandest genius in dealing with the most difficult and deeply tragic subjects. We extract that portion which begins with the phrensied prophetess catching a glance of the murder of Agamemnon as he comes from the bath, caught in the folds of his sleeveless tunic—"the net of Hades," and ending with the wail for her own decease.

KASSANDRA.

Strophe v.

Woe! woe! Ye Gods! ye Gods! what sight is this?
Is it some net of hell?
The net, a murderess, a wife!
Insatiate o'er the race uplift your yell,
Furies, for sacrifice of life
Which stoning should avenge.

CHORUS.

Strophe vi.

What fury o'er the house dost thou compel
To howl out horror? Awful is the cry.
To my heart it hath driven that ruddy drop,
At the fated hour which ceases to flow,
When dark the setting life-beams grow.
Swift fate is surely nigh.

KASSANDRA.

Antistrophe v.

Ha! ha! Behold! Behold! Ho! save the bull
From the accursed cow!
Him with black horns fierce doth she gore,
Entangled in the treacherous robes; and now
In the bath he falls. The fate once more
Of the treason-bath I name.

CHORUS.

Antistrophe vi.

Though boast I not the skill which reads aright
Dim bodings, this rings awful in mine ear.
For when did oracular lore impart
Any joy to man? For ever they toll,
Those dark words divine, to the trembling soul,
The knell of fateful fear.

KASSANDRA.

Strophe vii.

Ay me! Ay me! Alas my fearful doom!
For my own fate must mingle in the cup
Of wailing. Why, then, O thou ruthless God,
Hast hauled me hitherward, unless to die?
Great God Apollo, why?

CHORUS.

Strophe viii.

O stricken of spirit and God-possessed!
Fearful to list is thy melody,
Bemoaning thyself like that dark-brown bird,
The pitiful nightingale,
Whose voice incessant is ever heard
Her weary-woful life to wail,
With an "O for Itys! and welladay!"

KASSANDRA.

Antistrophe vii.

O for the fate of the shrill nightingale!
For unto her the Gods have given a life
Fearless and tuneless, and bedecked her form
With plummy pinions. But it shall be mine to feel
The cleaving two-edged steel.

The reader will observe that in translating the names of the gods in the Greek mythology, Mr. Herbert has adopted the Greek names, and not the names of supposed identical deities in the Roman mythology. In all the proper names, he has, with the exception of certain adjectives that may be considered as adopted into the English language, substituted the Greek for the Latin spelling. Thus Okeanos for Oceanus. We think this latter is an innovation; the great English authorities have taken the Latin orthography. Even Mr. Herbert uses Tantalidæ, and Pleisthenidæ, and Apollo. But at the same time it is so small a matter, that if the illusion of a more perfect resemblance to the original is preserved, in the opinion of any one, we can swallow the harsh k.

THOREAU'S TRAVELS.

A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Munroe & Co.

It is a singular thing—a fact which goes to maintain the universal average of human motives and actions, that a man no sooner sets up for a reformer, and begins to refute old heresies, but he contrives to involve himself in some new absurdity, charitably, perhaps, to hand over his trade of revolutionist, with materials, to his successors. Thus we see many men of subtlety, acuteness, reading, and reflection, to work at the present day; tinkering society, proposing new laws, new aids to morals, new theories of government, and involving in every one of their alterations some practical error. They make more holes than they fill up. In one point their argument is conclusive, and it is strengthened by their practice. They maintain the existence of much positive evil in the world, and their

means for its removal assure us at a glance of its continuance. Now, we neither reverence the past as absolutely holy in itself, nor despair of something better in the future; but we have that respect for the government of the world, to think that the good to come must be built up out of the good already attained, by growth, not by revolution, and that there are certain facts established which cannot be controverted. Christianity, based upon the records of the Old and New Testaments, we hold to be of permanent authority, and there are lessons of experience for daily conduct which have never yet been superseded. What would experience or history be worth if they gave no laws?

We were struck with a reflection or two of this nature on looking over Mr. Thoreau's book. The author is a man of humors, in Ben Jonson's good old sense, who uses his faculties in his own way, and cultivates more of them than most people, being, as we understand, quite independent of much of the slavery which people submit to under the word civilization. He can build his own house, raise his own food, cook it, and clothe himself; he can retire at any moment from a daintily furnished parlor, and Robinson Crusoe it on any acre of land, of ordinary productive powers, on the Continent. He loves nature, of which he is a careful observer, relishes good books, estimates at their worth the manly qualities of work and endurance. We have read his book backwards, if he is not kind and humane. He has stored his mind with the fruits of much reading and reflection. He is patient of the most minute investigations of insects and fishes; can be reverent over an arrow head turned up from an old Indian field, or respect a voracious pickerel newly taken from the river which runs through it. Yet, when this writer, so just, observant, and considerate, approaches what civilized men are accustomed to hold the most sacred of all, he can express himself in a flippant style which he would disdain to employ towards a muscle or a tadpole. Lest we should be thought to be doing an injustice to a writer whose merits we are very ready to admit, and who is somewhat known to the public by his painstaking and pleasing sketches of natural scenery, we justify our remarks by the following quotations:—

"Jehovah, though with us he has acquired new attributes, is more absolute and unapproachable, but hardly more divine, than Jove. He is not so much of a gentleman, among gods, not so gracious and catholic; he does not exert so intimate and genial an influence on nature, as many a god of the Greeks. I should fear the infinite power and inflexible justice of the almighty mortal, hardly as yet apotheosized, so wholly masculine, with no sister Juno, no Apollo, no Venus, nor Minerva, to intercede for me, *θυμὸν φιλοῦσα τε, ἀνδρομένη τε*. The Grecian are youthful and erring and fallen gods, with the vices of men, but in many important respects essentially of the divine race. In my Pantheon, Pan still reigns in his pristine glory, with his ruddy face, his flowing beard, and his shaggy body, his pipe and his crook, his nymph Echo, and his chosen daughter Iambe; for the great God Pan is not dead, as was rumored. Perhaps of all the gods of New England and of ancient Greece, I am most constant at his shrine.

"I trust that some may be as near and dear to Buddha, or Christ, or Swedenborg, who are without the pale of their churches. It is necessary not to be Christian, to appreciate the beauty and significance of the life of Christ. I know that some will have hard thoughts of me, when they hear their Christ named beside my Buddha, yet I am

sure that I am willing they should love their Christ more than my Buddha, for the love is the main thing, and I like him too. Why need Christians be still intolerant and superstitious?"

In other passages we have a protest against the most generally received usages of Christianity—for example—"When one enters a village, the church, not only really, but from association, is the ugliest looking building in it, because it is the one in which human nature stoops the lowest and is most disgraced. If I should ask the minister of Middlesex to let me speak in his pulpit on a Sunday, he would object, because I do not pray as he does, or because I am not ordained. What under the sun are these things?" Now these things are something, for they have been well cemented together by the wisdom of ages. They are much stronger than Thoreau's whims.

A man may hold different language with regard to Christianity, as he looks upon it from either of two points of view, as it is taught, or as it is practised; and the best Christians will feel most deeply the truth of the loudest scoff of infidelity, as it points to the weaknesses and corruptions of those whose conduct is nearest, still how remote from, the sacred lesson. Lay on the lash upon the back of hypocrisy, insincerity, unworthiness, but respect the creed. The humblest church in any village of our country is *not* "the ugliest looking building in it."

Mr. Thoreau is a linguist and scholar, and tells us that he has scarcely yet reached the Hebrew Scriptures, having begun with the Chinese and Hindoo. It may serve with some of our readers as a test of his powers of mind, that he professes to prefer the former.

In other walks and in a lighter vein, Mr. Thoreau has some pleasant sketching and essay writing. His observation of nature, as we have suggested, is minute and laborious; and if we may judge from his success in a narrow field of investigation, in a few days' boating on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, he might be associated profitably in those Geological and other surveys which are now frequently undertaken by the State Governments.

Apart from the pertness and flippancy against which we would warn our readers, Mr. Thoreau's is a readable and agreeable book. It is divided into seven heads, of the days of the week. Each day occupies a section of the journey, which is performed by the author in company with his brother, in a boat of their own construction, which is variously rowed, pulled, dragged, or propelled by the wind along the flats or through the canal; the travellers resting on the banks at night under a tent which they carry with them. The journey is down the Concord river, from Concord, Mass., to the Merrimack, an ascent of the latter river to its source, and from thence backward to the starting point. The record is of the small boating adventures, and largely of the reflections, real or supposed, suggested by the moods or incidents of the way. Thus we get a variety of illustrations of physical geography, the history of the settlements along the route (much of interest there), botanical excursions, philosophical speculations, and literary studies. In any of these departments, the reader will find a great deal that is ingenious and entertaining. According to our practice, we present a passage or two of these agreeable portions of the volume.

Referring our readers to Nathaniel Hawthorne's delightful sketch of the immediate scenery at Concord, in his Introduction to the "Mosses from an Old Manse," we pass over our author's sketch of the river, to his account of the Merrimack, which we give at length.

THE MERRIMACK.

"We were thus entering the State of New Hampshire on the bosom of the flood formed by the tribute of its innumerable valleys. The river was the only key which could unlock its maze, presenting its hills and valleys, its lakes and streams, in their natural order and position. The MERRIMACK, or Sturgeon River, is formed by the confluence of the Pemigewasset, which rises near the Notch of the White Mountains, and the Winnepisiogee, which drains the lake of the same name, signifying 'The Smile of the Great Spirit.' From their junction it runs south seventy-eight miles to Massachusetts, and thence east thirty-five miles to the sea. I have traced its stream from where it bubbles out of the rocks of the White Mountains above the clouds, to where it is lost amid the salt billows of the ocean on Plum Island beach. At first it comes on murmuring to itself by the base of stately and retired mountains, through moist primitive woods whose juices it receives, where the bear still drinks it, and the cabins of settlers are far between, and there are few to cross its stream; enjoying in solitude its cascades still unknown to fame; by long ranges of mountains of Sandwich and of Squam, slumbering like tumuli of Titans, with the peaks of Moosehillock, the Haystack, and Kearsarge reflected in its waters; where the maple and the raspberry, those lovers of the hills, flourish amid temperate dews;—flowing long and full of meaning, but untranslatable as its name Pemigewasset, by many a pastured Pelion and Ossa, where unnamed muses haunt, tended by Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, and receiving the tribute of many an untasted Hippocrene. There are earth, air, fire, and water,—very well, this is water, and down it comes.

Such water do the gods distil,
And pour down every hill
For their New England men:
A draught of this wild nectar bring,
And I'll not taste the spring
Of Helicon again.

Falling all the way, and yet not discouraged by the lowest fall. By the law of its birth never to become stagnant, for it has come out of the clouds, and down the sides of precipices worn in the flood, through beaver dams broken loose, not splitting but splicing and mending itself, until it found a breathing place in this low land. There is no danger now that the sun will steal it back to heaven again before it reach the sea, for it has a warrant even to recover its own dews into its bosom again with interest at every eve.

"It was already the water of Squam and Newfound Lake and Winnepisiogee, and White Mountain snow dissolved, on which we were floating, and Smith's and Baker's and Mad Rivers, and Nashua and Souhegan and Piscataquoag, and Suncook and Soucook and Contoocook, mingled in incalculable proportions, still fluid, yellowish, restless all, with an ancient, ineradicable inclination to the sea.

"So it flows on down by Lowell and Haverhill, at which last place it first suffers a sea change, and a few masts betray the vicinity of the ocean. Between the towns of Amesbury and Newbury it is a broad commercial river, from a third to half a mile in width, no longer skirted with yellow and crumbling banks, but backed by high green hills and pastures, with frequent white beaches on which the fishermen draw up their nets. I have passed down this portion of the river in a steam-boat, and it was a pleasant sight to watch from its deck the fishermen dragging their seines on the distant shore, as in pictures of a foreign strand. At intervals you may meet with a schooner laden with lumber standing up to Haverhill, or else lying at anchor or aground, waiting for wind or tide; until, at last, you glide under the famous Chain Bridge,

and are landed at Newburyport. Thus she who at first was 'poore of waters, naked of renown,' having received so many fair tributaries, as was said of the Forth,

"Doth grow the greater still, the further down;
Till that abounding both in power and fame,
She long doth strive to give the sea her name;"

or if not her name, in this case, at least the impulse of her stream. From the steeples of Newburyport, you may review this river stretching far up into the country, with many a white sail glancing over it like an inland sea, and behold, as one wrote who was born on its head-waters, 'Down out at its mouth, the dark inky main blending with the blue above. Plum Island, its sand ridges scolloping along the horizon like the sea serpent, and the distant outline broken by many a tall ship, leaning, *still*, against the sky.'

"Rising at an equal height with the Connecticut, the Merrimack reaches the sea by a course only half as long, and hence has no leisure to form broad and fertile meadows like the former, but is hurried along rapids, and down numerous falls, without long delay. The banks are generally steep and high, with a narrow interval reaching back to the hills, which is only occasionally and partially overflowed at present, and is much valued by the farmers. Between Chelmsford and Concord in New Hampshire, it varies from twenty to seventy-five rods in width. It is probably wider than it was formerly, in many places, owing to the trees having been cut down, and the consequent wasting away of its banks. The influence of the Pawtucket Dam is felt as far up as Cromwell's Falls, and many think that the banks are being abraded and the river filled up again by this cause. Like all our rivers, it is liable to freshets, and the Pemigewasset has been known to rise seventy-five feet in a few hours. It is navigable for vessels of burden about twenty miles, for canal boats by means of locks as far as Concord in New Hampshire, about seventy-five miles from its mouth, and for smaller boats to Plymouth, one hundred and thirteen miles. A small steam-boat once plied between Lowell and Nashua, before the railroad was built, and one now runs from Newburyport to Haverhill.

"Unfitted to some extent for the purposes of commerce by the sand-bar at its mouth, see how this river was devoted from the first to the service of manufactures. Issuing from the iron region of Franconia, and flowing through still uncut forests, by inexhaustible ledges of granite, with Squam, and Winnepisiogee, and Newfound, and Massachusetts Lakes for its mill-ponds, it falls over a succession of natural dams, where it has been offering its *privileges* in vain for ages, until at last the Yankee race came to *improve* them. Standing here at its mouth, look up its sparkling stream to its source,—a silver cascade which falls all the way from the White Mountains to the sea,—and behold a city on each successive plateau, a busy colony of human beaver around every fall. Not to mention Newburyport and Haverhill, see Lawrence, and Lowell, and Nashua, and Manchester, and Concord, gleaming one above the other. When at length it has escaped from under the last of the factories it has a level and unmolested passage to the sea, a mere *waste water*, as it were, bearing little with it but its fame; its pleasant course revealed by the morning fog which hangs over it, and the sails of the few small vessels which transact the commerce of Haverhill and Newburyport. But its real vessels are railroad cars, and its true and main stream, flowing by an iron channel further south, may be traced by a long line of vapor amid the hills, which no morning wind ever disperses, to where it empties into the sea at Boston. This side is the louder murmur now. Instead of the scream of a fish-hawk earring the fishes, is heard the whistle of the steam-engine, arousing a country to its progress."

For an example of the author's book reflections we could not probably find a passage which is a better instance of his mode of thinking and expression than the following:

BOOKS WHICH ARE NOT BOOKS.

"All that are printed and bound are not books; they do not necessarily belong to letters, but are often to be ranked with the other luxuries and appendages of civilized life. Base wares are palmed off under a thousand disguises. 'The way to trade,' as a pedler once told me, 'is to put it right through,' no matter what it is, anything that is agreed on.—

"You growling worldlings, you whose wisdom trades Where light ne'er shot his golden ray."

By dint of able writing and pen-craft, books are cunningly compiled, and have their run and success even among the learned, as if they were the result of a new man's thinking, and their birth were attended with some natural throes. But in a little while their covers fall off, for no binding will avail, and it appears that they are not Books or Bibles at all. There are new and patented inventions in this shape, purporting to be for the elevation of the race, which many a pure scholar and genius who has learned to read is for a moment deceived by, and finds himself reading a horse-rake, or spinning jenny, or wooden nutmeg, or oak-leaf cigar, or steam-power press, or kitchen range, perchance, when he was seeking serene and biblical truths:—

"Merchants, arise,

And mingle conscience with your merchandise."

Paper is cheap, and authors need not now erase one book before they write another. Instead of cultivating the earth for wheat and potatoes, they cultivate literature, and fill a place in the Republic of Letters. Or they would fain write for fame merely, as others actually raise crops of grain to be distilled into brandy. Books are for the most part wilfully and hastily written, as parts of a system, to supply a want real or imagined. Books of natural history aim commonly to be hasty schedules, or inventories of God's property, by some clerk. They do not in the least teach the divine view of nature, but the popular view, or rather the popular method of studying nature, and make haste to conduct the persevering pupil only into that dilemma where the professors always dwell:—

"To Athens gown'd he goes, and from that school Returns unsped, a more instructed fool."

They teach the elements really of ignorance, not of knowledge, for to speak deliberately and in view of the highest truths, it is not easy to distinguish elementary knowledge. There is a chasm between knowledge and ignorance which the arches of science can never span. A book should contain pure discoveries, glimpses of *terra firma*, though by shipwrecked mariners, and not the art of navigation by those who have never been out of sight of land. They must not yield wheat and potatoes, but must themselves be the unconstrained and natural harvest of their authors' lives:—

"What I have learned is mine; I've had my thought, And the Muses noble truths have taught."

"We do not learn much from learned books, but from true, sincere, human books, from frank and honest biographies. The life of a good man will hardly improve us more than the life of a free-booter, for the inevitable laws appear as plainly in the infringement as in the observance, and our lives are sustained by a nearly equal expense of virtue of some kind. The decaying tree, while yet it lives, demands sun, wind, and rain no less than the green one. It secretes sap and performs the functions of health. If we choose, we may study the alburnum only. The gnarled stump has as tender a bud as the sapling.

"At least let us have healthy books, a stout horse-rake, or a kitchen-range which is not cracked. Let not the poet shed tears only for the public weal. He should be as vigorous as a sugar maple, with sap enough to maintain his own verdure, besides what runs into the troughs, and not like a vine, which being cut in the spring bears no fruit, but bleeds to death in the endeavor to heal its wounds. The poet is he that has fat enough, like bears and marmots, to suck his claws

all winter. He hibernates in this world, and feeds on his own marrow. It is pleasant to think in winter, as we walk over the snowy pastures, of those happy dreamers that lie under the sod, of dormice and all that race of dormant creatures, which have such a superfluity of life enveloped in thick folds of fur, impervious to cold. Alas, the poet too is, in one sense, a sort of dormouse gone into winter quarters of deep and serene thoughts, insensible to surrounding circumstances; his words are the relation of his oldest and finest memory, a wisdom drawn from the remotest experience. Other men lead a starved existence, meanwhile, like hawks, that would fain keep on the wing, and trust to pick up a sparrow now and then."

There is good writing in this, and there is more in the volume. The author, we perceive, announces another book, "Walden, or Life in the Woods." We are not so rash or uninformed in the ways of the world as to presume to give counsel to a transcendentalist, so we offer no advice; but we may remark as a curious matter of speculation to be solved in the future—the probability or improbability of Mr. Thoreau's ever approaching nearer to the common sense or common wisdom of mankind. He deprecates churches and preachers. Will he allow us to uphold them? or does he belong to the family of Malvolios, whose conceit was so engrossing that it threatened to deprive the world of cakes and ale. "Dost thou think that because thou readest Confucius and art a Confusion there shall be no more steeples and towers? Aye, and bells shall ring too and Bishops shall dine!"

Silliman's American Journal of Science and Arts, for September.

THIS valuable scientific journal maintains its high character in the present number. One Paper on Hooker's Flora Antarctica, by Prof. Gray, contains matter of singular interest connected with the strange plants of the Southern Hemisphere.

The Tussock grass of the Falkland Islands described partially by Mrs. Somerville, in her Physical Geography, bids fair to become naturalized on the shores of the British Islands, having been planted and flourishing to a certain extent in the gardens of Kew.

"There is, however, one drawback to the value of the Tussock; it is a perennial grass, of slow growth, and some disappointment has been experienced in England from this cause. Each Tussock consists of many hundreds of culms, springing up together from a mass of roots, which have required a long series of years to attain their great and productive size. Our cultivated specimens in the royal gardens of Kew, now nearly three years old, are in a fair way of becoming good Tussocks, for the quantity of stems from each root, the produce of one seed, is incalculably more than any other grass throws up; but this ball, now scarcely six inches across and not two in height, must have grown to six or eight feet high, with a diameter of three or four feet; instead of forty culms, there must be four hundred; and the leaves, now three feet long, must attain seven, ere the Tussock of England can compete with its parent in the Falklands. Though, however, the stoles (if I may so call the matted roots of this grass) in the most vigorous and native specimens attain the height of seven feet, it is certain that they are very productive before they have reached two or three. By this time the leaves have gained their great size, the bases of the culms are nearly as broad as the thumb, and when pulled out young, they yield an inch or two of a soft, white, and sweet substance, of the flavor of a nut, and so nutritious, that two American sealers, who deserted a vessel in an unfrequented part of the Falklands, subsisted on little else for fourteen months."

A description of some of the gigantic and

arborescent sea-weeds of the Southern Ocean is equally interesting.

"These plants belong to the family of *Algæ*, and are arborescent, dichotomously branched trees, with the branches pendulous and again divided into sprays, from which hang linear leaves 1-3 feet long. The trunks are usually about 5-10 long, as thick as the human thigh, rather contracted at the very base, and again diminishing upwards. The individual plants are attached in groups or solitary, but gregarious, like the pine or oak, extending over a considerable surface, so as to form a miniature forest, which is entirely submerged during high water or even half tide, but whose topmost branches project above the surface at the ebb. To sail in a boat over these groves on a fine day affords the naturalist a delightful recreation; for he may there witness, in the Antarctic regions, and below the surface of the ocean, as busy a scene as is presented by the coral reefs of the tropics. The leaves of the *Lessonia* are crowded with *Sertularia* and *Mollusca*, or encrusted with *Flustra*; on the trunks parasitic *Algæ* abound, together with *Chitons*, *Patellæ*, and other shells; at the bases, and among the tangled roots swarm thousands of *Crustacea* and *Radiata*, whilst fish of several species dart amongst the leaves and branches."

The Journal has also a narrative of the career of Charles Alexander Lesueur, an eminent naturalist, who resided for some time in this country. Lesueur was a native of Havre, and early imbibed a love of nature and natural history in rambles over the shores of Normandy. In 1800 an expedition was sent to the South Seas under the auspices of the First Consul, to rival the English explorations in those fields of scientific discovery. Young Lesueur entered among the crew of the *Géographe*, one of the ships sent out on this service, as *novice-timonnier*, a phrase equivalent to the English one of green hand. Among the naturalists attached to the expedition was François Péron, an enthusiastic votary of natural science, between whom and the *novice* there sprang up a friendship founded on mutual pursuits and united ends.

"The talents of Lesueur, it should seem, were not known, at first, to the artists appointed to accompany the scientific corps; but when these talents were revealed in his masterly drawings of the mollusca and soft zoophytes, with one accord, they pronounced him worthy of a place in their department; and the youthful aspirant was forthwith transferred by the commander-in-chief, from the humble position he occupied among the crew, to the honorable station of painter of natural history, and his appointments and privileges were made to correspond with his rank."

During the stoppage of the ships at Timor, Lesueur was bitten by a reptile while pursuing a troop of monkeys near the river Coepang, but prompt medical means saved his life. Some observations on the effects of the climate of Timor, afford a lesson to us at the present time.

"On a superficial view of Timor, it would seem to be an earthly paradise. Nature there exhibits her most inviting forms, and is truly lavish of her bounties. The choicest productions of the tropics there attain to their utmost perfection, and the sea and the land seem to vie with each other in contributing to the gratifications of man. But there is a counterpoise to these enjoyments in a temperature of the most enervating kind, which deranges the vital functions, and facilitates the approach of that scourge of the Indian Isles, the dysentery. The natives of Asiatic descent generally escape this disease, by their habitual use of stimulating food, and that powerful tonic, betel. But the Europeans and the Americans who visit these shores soon become subject to its attacks; and in some

instances the entire crews of vessels have been swept off in a few weeks.

"Péron, who paid particular attention to the dietetic habits of the Malays of Timor, and their constant use of betel, became convinced of the influence of condiments and tonics in counteracting the malignant effects of the climate. He hence resolved to conform to customs which were evidently the results of observation; and he owed his preservation from the dysentery to this sensible determination."

The miserable mismanagement and the peculations of the commander of the expedition, caused it to result in a partial failure, only redeemed by the collections and labors of Péron and Lesueur. They appealed to a collection of one hundred thousand specimens of animals gathered by the naturalists on the voyage. Péron and Lesueur together began a description of these objects, by order of the government—fifteen hundred drawings from living animals or recent specimens by Lesueur, form an unrivalled series of the kind. Before the description could be completed, the enfeebled constitution of Péron was exhausted, and he died, leaving to his coadjutor a task that his disheartened mind shrank from performing. In 1816 Lesueur came to the United States, and having domiciled himself in Philadelphia, became an active cultivator of the natural sciences in that city. The branch he devoted most of his attention to was Ichthyology, and the Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia is enriched with many specimens on American Fishes. In 1838 Lesueur returned to France, and soon after, on the establishment of a Museum of Natural History in the city of Havre, was elected Curator. In 1846 the Naturalist died, at the ripe age of 68, and was buried in a rural churchyard at the base of Cape la Hève, a spot where the genius of Lesueur had discovered many interesting organic remains, and in the vicinity of scenes that had at first led his youthful mind to the Study of Nature.

SCENES IN THE PACIFIC.

BENTLEY (London) has just published a sketchy book, entitled "Four Years in the Pacific in Her Majesty's ship Collingwood, from 1844 to 1848. By Lieut. the Hon. Fred. Walpole, R. N.," which, without containing much that is new, is yet entertaining, from its gossip about regions which are daily assuming new interest and importance. It has very little to say on naval discipline or any special objects of the cruise, from motives of professional delicacy. The different chapters are occupied with separate topics, handled in a discursive manner, the form of the diary being laid aside, and the pen of the magazinist assumed with some success. We have one pleasant chapter on the Voyage in general, another on Madeira, Rio, Valparaiso, the South American ports of Chili, Ecuador, &c., a rambling account of Juan Fernandez, a visit to the coast of California, and a longer sojourn at the Sandwich, Society, and Navigator Isles. A few passages from the latter may not be uninteresting. Lieut. Walpole was at Monterey, California, in 1846, and witnessed this

ENTRY OF CAPTAIN FREMONT.

"During our stay Captain Fremont and his party arrived, preceded by another troop of American horse. It was a party of seamen mounted, who were used to scour the country to keep off marauders. Their efficiency as sailors, they being nearly all English, we will not question. As cavalry they would, probably, have been singularly destructive to each

other. Their leader, however, was a fine fellow, and one of the best rifle-shots in the States. Fremont's party naturally excited curiosity. Here were true trappers, the class that produced the heroes of Fenimore Cooper's best works. These men had passed years in the wilds, living on their own resources: they were a curious set. A vast cloud of dust appeared first, and thence in long file emerged this wildest wild party. Fremont rode a-head, a spare active-looking man, with such an eye! He was dressed in a blouse and leggings, and wore a felt hat. After him came five Delaware Indians, who were his body-guard, and have been with him through all his wanderings: they had charge of two baggage-horses. The rest, many of them blacker than the Indians, rode two and two, the rifle held by one hand across the pommel of the saddle. Thirty-nine of them are his regular men, the rest are loafers picked up lately; his original men are principally backwoodsmen from the State of Tennessee, and the banks of the upper waters of the Missouri. He has one or two with him who enjoy high reputations in the Prairies. Kit Carson is as well known there as the Duke is in Europe. The dress of these men was principally a long loose coat of deer-skin, tied with thongs in front; trousers of the same, of their own manufacture, which, when wet through, they take off, scrape well inside with a knife, and put on as soon as dry; the saddles were of various fashions, though these and a large drove of horses, and a brass field-gun, were things they had picked up about California. The rest of the gang were a rough set; and perhaps their private, public, and moral characters had better not be too closely examined. They are allowed no liquor, tea and sugar only; this, no doubt, has much to do with their good conduct, and the discipline too is very strict. They were marched up to an open space on the hills near the town, under some large firs, and there took up their quarters in messes of six or seven in the open air. The Indians lay beside their leader. One man, a doctor, six foot six high, was an odd-looking fellow. May I never come under his hands!

"The party, after settling themselves, strolled into the town, and in less than two days passed in drunkenness and debauchery, three or four were missing.

"Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke,
And sorely would the Yankee foemen rue,
If subtle poniards wrapt beneath the cloak
Could blint the sabre's edge or clear the cannon's smoke."

They were accordingly marched away into those wilds of which they seemed much better citizens. In justice, however, to the Americans, I must say they seemed to treat the natives well, and their authorities extended every protection to them. One of the gang was very uncivil to us, and threw on us the withering imputation of being Britishers, with an intensity of scorn that must have been painful to himself; on inquiry he was found to be a deserter from the Marines. In fact, the most violently Yankee were discovered to be English fellows, of high principles, of course. One day returning from a ride a party of us were galloping hard in pursuit of a jackal, when a man rode up to us, an ill-looking little old fellow, and asked us who we were, adding, 'I came up thinking you were Mexicans, to stop you; as you are not, you may proceed.' Fancy the fellow, six to one!"

While steadily complimenting the missionary labors, he thus speaks of the

DETERIORATION OF THE NATIVES AT TAHITI.

"The manners and customs of the natives

have now lost all their originality, and nothing remains but many, alas! of the vices of civilization, and most of the follies of the savage. As intercourse increases, it is greatly to be feared that vice will also increase; day by day, the missionary loses his hold; he has no longer temporal power to back his precepts, and both his preaching and his practice are thrown away amidst the demoralizing vices of a large garrison. The climate and their own inclinations lead them astray a great deal, and sad must be the future, unless a great change is effected. Dress is, perhaps, the only thing they want money for, and the increased love of dress is fruitful of crime. There is no occupation to keep them at home, the household duties are performed by the old; food is to be had for picking, so the usual employment is sleeping all day, and dawdling away the evening with their companions, plaiting wreaths the only occupation. Bathing, before prohibited, now goes on again, and gradually all the rules and precepts taught them at so much expense, and with so pure and hearty a motive, will cease to affect their conduct at all. Unfortunately, no useful employment nor occupying amusement was taught by the missionaries; all their pleasures were forbidden, and nothing substituted in their place. Their literature consists but of half-a-dozen books; they know nothing, have no trade, no need of toil. The few who are servants in the houses, stay only till they have amassed money enough to buy some coveted article, then leave at once."

The following, as the *London Examiner* remarks of one of the passages, "if not suggested by Herman Melville, bears out his description wonderfully."

WATERFALL IN BYRON'S BAY.

"One of the greatest attractions was a waterfall, about three hundred yards up the river. It needed not the feats done there to make the fall of the Wailuka, or River of Destruction, worth looking at. The river ran for some hundred yards or so in rapids, over rocks and stones, the banks, crag, and precipice, two hundred feet high, whose rudeness was softened and refined by tendrils and creepers, that hung down to the foaming water, which ill-naturedly jerked them as it rushed by. A huge rock divided the stream, one half of which dashed petulantly on, and met a noisy fate down the fall; while the other, of a milder, gentler nature, ran along a channel of solid rock, and fell in one heavy stream a depth of about twenty-five feet, joining the rough waters below. A little turmoil succeeded the junction, then they flowed quietly on, like brothers, arm-in-arm, till they fell again, and soon were lost in the salt waters of the ocean.

"The great delight of the natives is to go down this fall. They sit in the channel I have described: they utter a shout, a scream of joy, join the hands gracefully over the head, and, one after another, the girls of Hilo descend, emerging like sea-nymphs in the eddy below. The figure, as it gleams for an instant in the body of water, appears, to those standing below, quite perfect, and the gay shouts and laughing taunt to follow, has led to the death of many; for there is some secret current that not only drowns, but carries away the body too. The feat was attempted by three of our men, but none, I think, did it twice.

"The descent of the lower fall is a lesser feat, and the sensation of going down it head-foremost delightful; even that, however, is often fatal; and during our stay here, a man was lost merely through making a false step

from the bank. The surprising agility of the women especially, baffles description. One will sit by your side on the high bank, and remain so till you throw a stone into the water, with all your force, then down she jumps, straight as an arrow, her feet crossed, one over the instep of the other, and emerges with a laugh, holding up the stone. On first attempting to rise to the surface after going down the fall, the water seems, from the force of the current, to be matted overhead, and it is only by striking out into the eddy that you can rise; this the girls manage to perfection. They kick out their feet both together, and replaiting their hair with their hands, they float about the edge with a grace that is beautiful to see. Then the water is clear and blue, not cold, frosty, half-thawed. As lazily one watched the stream, down dropped from the ledges overhead, and cut the bright water, what soon reappeared, a man or woman. These ledges are fifty or eighty feet high, yet none seemed to regard it as a feat, and the merry laugh told you it was done but to surprise the European. We appeared contemptible in our own eyes, as we skurried from the rain with our umbrellas; but we soon yielded to wiser teaching, threw care away, got wet and dry again without minding it, swam, and enjoyed it as much as they did."

But there are other coincidences still more remarkable. Like Melville in Typee, Lieut. Walpole became lame and disabled in the Sandwich Islands, and found similar careful nurture in a domestic household with a gentle Fayaway in the person of the graceful little Elekeke.

LIEUT. WALPOLE'S "FAYAWAY."

"So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
From beneath her gathered wimple,
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,
Till the lightning laughter dimple,
The baby-roses in her cheeks;
Then away she flies." TENNYSON.

"Even now, writing in other lands, with other scenes and other hopes around me, my gratitude is strong to those who so kindly nursed me during the hours of pain and suffering. Nothing could have been greater than their unbought kindness. My hut was one large room, and a curtain across divided it into two when required. But the greater portion of the time was passed under the large overhanging roof, or down among the trees by the river. The landlord was a noble old fellow, and as fine a gentleman as a chief ought to be; three little girls who lived with him were my nurses, and they in turn had people to wait on them. It is a difficult thing for pen to describe beauty, more especially when it has become a thing long passed; and bright as the fancy may picture, and vivid as is still the recollection, pen and ink are too matter of fact for any such vision to subside into. The eldest, Elekeke, or the walking one, was quite a child; such a one she was as poets picture angels, a very Undine without her soul. At the age of eight years, she was, perhaps, as old as a child in England of eleven, and all untamed as Nature made her. The old couple into whose hands the children had fallen, for they were no kin of theirs, despised education, and except a few lessons the elder one had had from a French missionary, who was attracted by her beauty, they were ignorant of all learning or creed. The few words of religion they had thus gained, she had woven into a creed of her own, which, mixing with legend and superstition, had become a faith as curious as it was wild.

"Elekeke said the Kanakas loved to learn to

read, because it taught them how to make money. 'And do you not want to read?' 'No, no, there is the bright sky, there the rivers; the flowers are fresh,—I want no more.'

"Elekeke—for the others were but attendant nymphs on her—was very fair, almost amounting to what the natives call *poponree*, and her hair was thin and beautifully fine. She had eyes that started, flashed, gleamed, and would have been hurtful in their very brightness, had not the soft white in which they were set, and their voluptuous swimming, tempered them to all maidenly beauty; then the long eyelash, which, drooping, veiled their lustre, was so fine and glossy that all the cutting flash was forgotten, and a love for what was so dovelike and soft succeeded, till again the flash came, but only again to subdue and delight. Her complexion was a clear brunette, whose well-marked veins showed the healthy blood coursing with wild pulse all over; the mouth, a bower of roses concealing beds of pearls. The springy bounding step, the coquettish wreath of fresh flowers, the neat dress, which showed a foot and ankle that neither shoe nor stocking concealed, yet turned and chiselled like a Grecian statue,—such were the fairy forms of my attendants, and, wake when I would, there they sat; for while one or other watched, the rest slept around on the mats; the feather-fan was playing over me, and the active kind eye inquired if there was a want, that it might be instantly satisfied. Occupation they had none, save to pass away time, and really they did it merrily. The very kitten about the house, though a cheerful, lively creature enough, was quite eclipsed by their playful glee. Now they danced, leaped, or sang; each hour was happy, and at eve the fun was faster, the sports more lively, as if envious of night, when they must lie down and be quiet. The woods were explored for fresh wreaths, and each day more fragrant and brighter-hued flowers decked their heads: every day was a *fête*; they toiled at pleasure, still were always pleased.

"We soon became great friends; and though the old lady secretly, I think, held me very cheap, as despising her cookery, still she showed it only by concocting worse mixtures; and when I yielded up a wound to her especial healing, even she became gracious and friendly.

"The love of flowers among the natives amounts to a perfect passion, and they will go any distance to get a peculiar sort of blossom for their wreaths.* When I was better, many and many were the lounging picnic walks we had up glen and valley in search of fresh and sweet jewels for the *racos* or wreaths they loved. Then choosing out a deep shade, they would sit and weave them.

'And the snowy orange flowers,
And the creeping jasmine bowers,
From their swinging censers cast
Their richest odors, and their last.'

At times they sang or told some story, let out the tales of their neighbors, commented on foreign habits, or, with fear and many looks behind, and creeping closer together, told of old times and savage gods, and frightful vengeance. This mode of treatment effected a cure sooner than medicine could have done;—and were convalescence to be always as sweet, methinks I would be always getting better, always recovering.

"Of a morning my house was a levee, and weighty were the discussions that passed. Every article was examined, and yet nothing lost. Elekeke used to say, 'Once Kanaka

used to be a sad thief; his heart was big for all he saw; but now—no.' The reason appeared to be the undefined dread of stealing anything that had a written name upon it. This seemed a check on stealing more strict than taboo of old. Pictures were a vast fund of delight, and they would look at them most intensely, and then exclaim, with a gesture of impatience, 'Why do not they go on? why do they all stay still?' The map used to give them great offence. 'Miti, very good that; but, soon the Kanaka will learn to make a map; then he will put England very small, and Hawaii very large.'

"All their dates appeared uncertain, and seemed to depend upon some other event; for instance, Zepa, the landlady, was born when a cocoa-nut tree that now shot up some sixty feet, was planted; and Elekeke herself dated her birth from a large pile of wood Kekaanoa had made in Waikiki.

"The levee over, there was the bathing; then lounging about, the chief exertion being to evade the sun, that shot his rays now here, now there, with fiery heat. The physic, which a medical man who attended me so liberally ordered, was always a subject of contention, and was drained as a great gift from me by various visitors.

"I was for a long while too ill to move; but directly pain ceased, there was a calm sense of enjoyment, a sense of the pleasure of mere existence, that was delightful. And thus passed day after day, until the only pain left arose from the conviction that it was sadly sinful thus to waste precious life.

'Oh let him seize
From pleasure while he can! The scorching ray
Here pierce'th not, impregnate with disease;
Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away.'

"Certainly it was a delightful life—the hut sounds low, but it was neither low, dirty, nor small; a cool breeze always nestled about it, fanning, protecting us. In front, about fifty yards off, lay the river, where the family—thanks to my example, for bathing is half prohibited—used to spend half the day. There was a large slab of rock which jutted out over the stream; up this the three little girls would run, keeping time to a noisy song, and jump in hand in hand to the tune; then emerging nearly to the middle, like a stick that is thrown, in most graceful symmetry (for these three were very Graces), with a saucy toss of the head they threw back their streaming hair, and then such games! such shouts! pursuits, flight, diving, and screams of gay, hearty, ringing laughter! Oh they were a happy set! and when tired would come and sit in the sun as idly occupied as even their lazy natures could wish, combing their hair, which in its silken glossy beauty seemed to need no such care; anointing their bodies with oil; bathing to cool themselves; sitting in the sun to get dry; eating and sleeping. The day was one busy round of doing nothing, yet much too short for the amusements they found in perfect idleness."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Half Hours with the best Authors, the compilation of passages of English literature made by CHARLES KNIGHT, the editor of Shakespeare, has just been completed, by the publication by JOHN WILEY of the third and fourth volumes—in the series of the Library of Choice Reading. It is a novel and highly successful attempt to adapt the old popular collections of *Elegant Extracts* to the improved and better cultivated tastes of the age. The

*The *Tecari*, or *Morinda Citrifolia*, a flower like a large white jessamine, with a powerful scent.

range of Mr. Knight has been through every portion of literature, the old and the new, science and the belles lettres, the pulpit and the bar, books of travels and books of memoirs, poetry and fiction. The selections are three hundred and sixty-five in number (a good companion for the year) from three hundred authors—forty of them living authors; and there is a liberal introduction of American writers. Each selection is a complete chapter by itself; generally condensed enough in matter to extend the reader's meditation beyond the half hour of its perusal. One peculiar feature of the work is the occupation of every seventh portion by some passage of divinity from such approved pens as those of Archbishop Leighton, the holy Leighton, Cecil, Dr. Donne, Bishop Butler, Robert Hall, &c., which gives to the scattered members of the book a peculiar unity and force. In other respects proportion appears to be as well maintained, it being very difficult to find an author of the older literature, of undoubted claims in any department, omitted. While foraging in the nooks and corners of the English Library with the zeal of an Antiquarian, there is probably no man living of wider or more generous culture in the expanded authorship of the present century than that editor of many Libraries, Charles Knight. The latest historians, the freshest gloss of science, the best school of criticism—in no respects is he behind, one or all:—his book is not so much a book of individual taste, the plan is too general for a marked idiosyncrasy of that kind, but of good sound judgment and education. Leigh Hunt's books of extracts are scribbled all over with himself; you are compelled to look at the authors through his experiences. Charles Knight gives you the authors themselves in good substantial portions; so that no man can be said to be ill read in English literature, and indeed with most of the best minds of the world, who is familiar with his four volumes. There is no preference to be given to one chapter over another, where each is selected for a sufficient reason; an extract which we print on another page, a picture in miniature of Roman History under the Emperors, translated from Tacitus, by an accomplished living scholar, is a fair specimen of the completeness and solidity of matter of the work. There are chains of reading, sequences of authors running through and relieving one another; groups of travellers, Dramatists from Webster to Knowles, the great Epics from Homer to Milton, Essayists from Montaigne to Lamb. The gossipers Walpole and Pepys are there, as well as the staid historians. What, as we have hinted, we particularly admire, is the escape from a fragmentary air, the nuisance of badly-prepared (which includes most) books of selections. A father who would wisely direct the studies of a son, could make him few more profitable gifts than a copy of these "Half Hours with the best Authors."

The cry is still they come. Another and an excellently printed edition of MACAULAY'S *History of England*, from a press in Cincinnati, "TRUMAN'S LIBRARY EDITION," is at least the sixth stereotyped issue before the public. The feature of the present copy is a large octavo page, inclosed by neat rules, with a larger type than that commonly employed in the cheap editions. It looks well, and may be highly commended among the latter, for its typography; but we are at a loss to see on what principle of "courtesy of the trade" it is issued, as it absurdly follows the *Websterian* spelling, for the evil of which rival editions

were issued against the Harpers, on the general and loud complaints by the public of that cacography.

We have also before us from the same publisher a new school Edition of Virgil, on a principle of selection for economy, including the first six books of the *Æneid*, with the first, second, and fourth *Eclogues*, with explanatory notes by R. W. McFarland, A.B. Our own judgment has been so recently given in favor of the system of ample illustration, and of its value to the scholar, that we have occasion only to refer to it at present in connexion with an article which has just met our eye in the *London Times*, a notice of the translation of a work from the German of M. Panofka, on the "Manners and Customs of the Greeks," which compares the present demand for increased illustration to the spirit in the old days of scholarship, the days of folios, of Erasmus and Grotius, in these terms:—"This new publication may be added to a series of works which honorably characterize the present age, infusing a knowledge of things into a branch of learning which too often consisted of a knowledge of mere words, and furnishing the general student with information which was once exclusively confined to the professed archæologist. At the head of this series we may justly put that invaluable production of our own country, *Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities*. A smaller specimen exists in the well known *Charikles* of Becker, where a mass of antiquarian information is made palatable through the medium of a narrative. The Abbé Barthélemy set the example of this sort of work by his *Anacharsis*, but the knowledge of antiquity has made such strides since the days of the good Abbé, that his successors have been forced to begin their labors anew. A general desire to diffuse a familiarity with the actualities of antique life, is now visible in all sorts of forms, dictionaries, narratives, dissertations. So it was in an earlier day of scholarship, and we find the expression of the feeling in the bulky collection of *Montfaucon and the like*; but in the period just preceding our own, there was a strong tendency to merge all learning into mere philology, and hence the various archæological works which now pour in upon us have an air of complete novelty."

This indicates the course which the best editions of the Classics must now take. The notes must not be confined to questions of grammar or interpretation, but must include as well the results of the labors of scholars in the field of Antiquities in the most liberal sense of the word, the study of history, character, and manners.

E. D. TRUMAN is also the publisher of a new revised edition of MANSFIELD'S *Political Grammar of the United States*, a work which the writer claims to have been the first of its kind prepared, though, if we remember rightly, on comparing the author's statement of dates, JUDGE DUE'S *Outlines of Jurisprudence* has the precedence in priority of publication. Mansfield's work has been highly successful, and has probably done much to influence the cultivation of the still too much neglected study of the laws.

CARTER & BROTHERS have published a neat edition of "*Domestic Portraiture; or, the successful application of religious principle in the education of a family, exemplified in the memoirs of three of the deceased children of the REV. LEIGH RICHMOND*. With a preface by the REV. E. BICKERSTETH.—The care of the author of the *Dairyman's Daughter* in the education of his family is well known, and highly

calculated in its exhibition by its earnestness to impress the minds of parents and children. Its leading peculiarity was to render home attractive by concentrating there the most numerous innocent active employments for the mind, as substitutes for what were abandoned as at least, in his view, the doubtful amusements of the world. When we add that his home pursuits included music, drawing, philosophical experiments, the study of natural history, books—with peculiar attention to Christian education—we have the outline of no narrow or illiberal system of culture. From the maxims and habits by which this was inculcated we may gather, we think, more of profit than from the narrative given in the volume of the particular fruits in the lives of his children. Religious biography, as generally written, seems narrow and indistinct; while general principles are of force and freshness as armories whence we may freely take weapons for use. The special example may fail, for it is human—the morality is of eternal obligation. George Herbert sums up the duty and the experience in this sonnet, a favorite one with Coleridge:—

LORD, with what care hast thou begit us round:
Parents first season us: then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,
Blessings: beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of Glory ringing in our ears:
Without, our shame; within, our consciences:
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.
Yet all these forces and their whole array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

A work which may be taken as a supplement to the last, "My Mother; or, Recollections of Maternal Influence" (R. HYDE, publisher), represents the other half of the parental counsels. It is a simple record, apparently drawn from recollection, of domestic and family incidents, connected with a general survey of the various relations in which children are placed with the affectionate counsels of a mother. There are some good remarks on physical as well as moral and religious training, with many other sound suggestions, as in the pages on Obedience, which commend this book to favorable attention.

The English Pulpit; Collection of Sermons by the most eminent living Divines of England. (CARTERS.)—Thirty Sermons from as many authors from the Evangelical preachers of England. They are varied in subjects, and present several new names to the American public, as James Parsons, of York, Daniel Moore, Melvill's successor at Camden Chapel. The list also includes Bishop Bloomfield, Raffles, the Hamiltons, Baptist Noel, Melvill. The discourses are all new to American readers.

[From the *London Times*, August 15.]

THE POETICAL WORKS OF POPE: BY W. C. MACREADY.

This neat little volume has peculiar claims to public attention. A gentleman who is no less known for his eminent position in the histrionic profession than for his high social and domestic character, dedicates "to his children" an edition of a poet whose works, he says, he was in the habit of reading to them for purposes of instruction. The portions he was obliged to suppress in this course of private reading he now suppresses for the benefit of other families, effacing from the pages of an author who is for the most part chaste and instructive all those passages which "would shock the delicacy of an uncorrupted taste without imparting any benefit to the understanding."

The work of expurgation is very carefully done. Mr. Macready has left no blanks, considering them as so many temptations to pry into unclean places, but has generally adopted the plan of modifying an expression, while he retains the sense of a passage, much in the same manner as the coarser words of Shakespeare are softened in a theatrical representation of *Othello*. If our readers will take the trouble to compare the opening lines of the first epistle of the "Moral Essays," as they originally stood, with this modification by Mr. Macready, they will at once understand his plan:—

"Yes, you despise the man to books confined,
Who from his study rails at human kind;
Though what he learns he speaks and may advance
Some general maxim, or be right by chance.
The cockcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries 'Blockhead, quean, and knave.'
Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all."

In these lines two very ugly words are omitted, but the drift and construction of the whole are not varied one iota.

Of course, there will be a party of purists—we mean purists as to text, not decorum—who will declaim against any alteration of an author's words, made under any pretext whatever. But let Mr. Macready's book be taken for what it is intended, that is to say, not as an edition of Pope, to supersede any of the complete collections which should find a place on the shelf of every literary man, but as "arranged and revised expressly for the use of young people," and all reasonable cause of such declamation will be at once removed.

Indeed, as the habit of reading becomes more extended, works of this kind are absolutely required. Whether this age has really advanced beyond the last in moral excellence, or whether it has only acquired a greater proficiency in the art of concealing impurity, so much is certain, that expressions which were current years ago would now be considered intolerable if they found their way into print. As far as the youth of the male sex is concerned, it is perhaps no great matter if those who are old enough to relish the satirical poets at all are allowed to read them just as they wrote. But with young ladies the case is different, and in the face of the present standard of female propriety scarcely any one but a literary fanatic would be particularly edified at finding his daughter absorbed in the perusal of uncastigated works of Pope and Dryden.

One method of avoiding the Scylla and Charybdis of ignorance and impropriety is by those collections of isolated extracts which go by the name of "beauties." These are all very well in their way, furnishing convenient passages for committal to memory, and exhibiting the style of the author selected; but they leave the reader quite in the dark as to subject-matter and constructive talent. Thus we are driven perforce to the expurgated editions like that of Mr. Macready, or to a total expulsion of the best authors in the language from those shelves to which the female branches of a family have access.

The chief fear, in works of the sort, is that the pruning knife may be used too zealously; and we may especially commend Mr. Macready for approaching his author with great tenderness, like a benevolent surgeon, who would avoid an amputation in all cases but when he feels it to be absolutely necessary. The notes, which are very short, are selected with great judgment, being just sufficient to elucidate the text, without distracting the attention. While providing the family library

with a new and useful volume, Mr. Macready has at the same time produced a monument of his own taste and discernment.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY IN NEW YORK.

THE work of demolition has been commenced among the shrubbery and stately trees of Vauxhall Garden, in Lafayette Place, near the Italian Opera House, preparatory to laying the foundation walls of the Astor Library Building. We congratulate the public upon the prospect of the speedy construction of an edifice that will grace the city and reflect credit upon our artisans, should the designs of the projectors, as developed in the plans of the architect, be carried out, as they undoubtedly will. It will be built in the Byzantine style, or rather in the style of the Royal Palaces of Florence, and consequently will present a strongly imposing appearance, both in its external and internal structure. Its dimensions will be 120 feet in length by 65 wide, and from the level of the side-walk to the upper line of the parapet, its height will be 67 feet—built of brown cut stone. Scarcely a particle of wood will enter into its composition. We are informed that no building in the United States, of this character, will be formed to such a large extent of iron. According to the estimates, the iron work will form one of the heaviest expenditures. Its uses, too, will be altogether novel, at least in this country, and ingenious. For instance, the truss beams, supporting the principal weight of the roof, will be constructed of cast iron pipes, in a parabolic form, on the same plan with the iron bridges in France and other parts of Europe, with a view to secure lightness and strength.

The Library Hall, which will occupy the second floor of the edifice, will be a truly elegant apartment, 100 feet in length by 60 wide, in the clear. The ascent from the front will be by a single line of 38 Italian marble steps, decorated on either side, at the entrance, by a stone Sphinx. Upon nearing the summit of these steps, the visitor finds himself near the centre of this immense alcove, surrounded by 14 brick piers, plastered and finished in imitation of Italian marble, and supporting iron galleries, midway between the floor and the ceiling. The side walls, from "pit to dome," form one continuous shelving, of a capacity sufficient for 100,000 volumes. This is reached by means of the main gallery, in connexion with which are four iron spiral stairways (one from each corner of the building), and an intervening gallery of a lighter and smaller description, also connected by its staircases, eight in number, with the main gallery. The whole are very ingeniously arranged and appropriately ornamented, in a style corresponding with the general architecture of the building. At an elevation of 51 feet above the spectator, is the principal skylight, 54 feet long by 14 broad, and formed of thick glass set in iron. Besides this are circular side skylights of much smaller dimensions. All needful light is thus furnished, in connexion with the windows in the front and rear walls. Free ventilation is also had, by means of iron fretwork, inserted in suitable portions of the ceiling. In the extreme rear are the two librarians' rooms, to which access is had by means of the main galleries.

The first floor will contain the lecture and reading-rooms, with accommodations for 500 persons. The latter are located on each side of the building, and separated from the library-hall stairway at the front entrance, by two corridors leading to the rear vestibule, and from thence to the lecture room, still further in

the rear. The basement contains the keeper's rooms, cellars, coal-vaults, hot-air furnaces, &c. The floors are composed of richly-wrought mosaic work, resting on iron beams.

The library-building in its exterior, especially as seen from the street, will present an appearance at once grand and imposing. The first story will be faced with high rustic ashler, projecting six inches, thus imparting an extremely bold relief. The window frames are placed near the inside line of the wall, forming deep recesses, in order to secure the same effect. These consist primarily of six, occupying the central portion, and admitting light to the Library Hall, placed three above and three below a given point,—the upper connected with the lower by columns, supported by figures representing the Genii of Literature. Between these sets of windows is inscribed "Astor Library, 1849." The remaining windows are two in number, one on either side of the entrance, and connected with the lecture room.

The amount authorized to be expended in the erection of this building is \$75,000—of course exclusive of furniture and shelving. The latter will cost probably \$8,000. Two years, it is expected, will be required to complete it. The architect is Mr. Alex. Saelzler, from Berlin, a pupil of the celebrated Schinkel. The entire appropriation for the library and building is \$400,000, of which about one-half is to be funded for the benefit of the library—thus insuring to it a perpetuity such as similar institutions but seldom possess. Through the efforts of Mr. J. G. Cogswell, in England and on the Continent, about 20,000 volumes have been collected, and are now in his keeping at No. 32 Bond Street, where they are accessible to visitors, though the public are not generally aware of the fact.—*Journal of Commerce*.

Original Poetry.

TO THE HAREBELL AT TRENTON FALLS.

FAIR dweller of the rocks! their rugged crest
With light embroidery of blossoms fringing;
Their rifted, worn, and weather-stained breast
With purple tinging;
Fearless, though frail, from dizziest crag or ledge,
Free to the wind thy bells inverted swinging;
Their lips, and thy thin leaflet's narrow edge
Dew-sparkles flinging!
Or quiet from the restless river's brim
With azure vase cool drops of crystal dipping,
From foamy islets, as they swiftly swim,
The bubbles sipping!
O'er walls that shield the quenched life of ages,
With fern and moss a verdant curtain weaving,
Aid Nature, in the gentle strife she wages,
Time's spoil retrieving.
Where, as they sever from the plunging leap,
In liquid gems the glittering waters shiver,
Mid airy currents, awakened by their sweep,
Thy petals quiver.
Where through the roof of interlacing trees
With fitful golden glimpse the sun is glancing,
Thy light-hung cup welcomes the passing breeze
With joyous dancing.
Still does thy beauty Nature's task complete,
With rush of floods, dim woods, and rocky
column,
To consecrate this glen, a temple meet
For musings solemn.

AUGUST.

[From Poems by Alfred Domett.]

A SEA SIDE CALM.

THE morning air was pure and cool—
Asleep the silver bay:
Each object on the shining sands,
In shade reflected lay.

The giant cliffs in long array
Were drawn up by the sea;
Their heads thrown back with lofty pride
In musing majesty.

The Sea methought did woo the Earth
In low fond tones of love—
The silent Sky hung stooping o'er,
And listened from above!

The herds of clouds were lying down—
The hunting Winds were gone;
Their angry bark was heard no more,
The weary chase was done.

A calm ambrosial consciousness
Did Nature's bosom steep—

A stillness, not so stern as death,
And more profound than sleep!

'Twas music mute, and voiceless speech—
A quiet, creeping spell—
Repose, without forgetfulness—
And silence audible.

Correspondence.

Boston, 14 September, 1849.

THE genius of Autumn, "crowned with the sickle and the wheat sheaf," is approaching triumphantly, drawing in his train myriads of pilgrims from watering-places and farm-houses, who, glad as they were to escape from the imprisonment of bricks and mortar, are no less delighted to walk about on comfortable pavements once more. The evenings growing longer, the shop-windows shed their full glory upon the passer-by, and the places of amusement begin to be well filled again. Boston is rather unfortunate in theatrical matters. There is at present no good, permanent, first-class theatre in the city. The best conducted establishment is the Museum in Tremont street, which being the cheapest as well as the best place of amusement which we have, and possessing the advantages of an attractive building and a good situation, is fully supported. The company is a very good one for comedy and the general run of the modern drama. The principal comedian, Mr. Warren, has a dry, quiet humor peculiarly his own, in the farces of Mr. Maddison Morton, "Box and Cox," "Poor Pillicoddy," "Slasher and Crasher," &c. The elevated, newspaper-paragraph style of language in which they are written, and the odd turns from the serious to the funny, are given by him in a manner which shows how well he appreciates their humor himself. It seems almost as if Mr. Morton must have had him in his eye when he wrote most of his cockney characters. His "Pillicoddy" is a classical performance. Mr. Booth has been performing a very successful engagement at the Museum for the past four or five weeks. He seems indeed to have renewed his youth. Making some allowances for the company, which is hardly competent to perform deep tragedy well, he has done better than he has for some years past in Boston. There were some curious incongruities, however, which would shock the critical judgment of Mr. Macready, were he here. For instance, the introduction of Gothic architecture in Howard Payne's tragedy of Brutus, and the procession to the execution of Titus, in the last scene, marching to the tune of *Pleyel's Hymn*!

The Town and Country Club seems to succeed very well. It has a small, but pleasant room, in Tremont Row, and the number of members is steadily increasing. Mr. Whipple is to read a paper at the next quarterly meeting, in October, and Mr. James Russell Lowell follows him in January. In October a series of weekly conversations is to be com-

menced, under the auspices of some good talkers, and, with their tongues going, they cannot fail of being most delightful meetings.

Mr. Vattemare is here, working and talking, with the devotion and single-heartedness of a Jesuit, for the advancement of his favorite scheme of international exchanges. The municipal authorities have granted him the use of a room in Court Square, and there he is collecting his treasures for the great American Library in Paris. Present appearances indicate that the Massachusetts alcove will be well filled.

Messrs. Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, have just published a new edition of "Angel Voices, or Words of Counsel for Overcoming the World." This little book, which in its manner reminds one of the "Best Hours" of Jean Paul Richter, was edited by Dr. Treat of Buffalo, and published about three years ago; a large edition was quickly disposed of, and it has been for a long time entirely out of print. In this new edition the book has undergone a thorough revision, and many valuable additions have been made to it.

Some time since a collection of the works of De Quincey was announced as in the press of Ticknor and Company. It will be printed in duodecimo form, and published volume by volume. The first will contain, besides the Confessions of an Opium Eater, and the Continuation under the head of "*Suspiria de Profundis*," the articles on Coleridge which appeared in Tait's Magazine, with the lives of Shakspeare, Pope, and Schiller, and that very striking paper "On the Knocking in Macbeth." Messrs. Ticknor and Company are now in correspondence with the author, who will himself superintend the reprint of his works.

Mr. Whipple's new volume, "Lectures on Subjects connected with Literature and Life," will contain Wit and Humor, Authors and their relation to Life, Charles Dickens, Genius, the Ludicrous Side of Life, and Intellectual Health and Disease. Messrs. Ticknor and Company have also in the press the Boston Book for 1850. On a hasty glance at the proof sheets I notice a new and sparkling poem by Holmes, and a story by President Everett, in his happiest manner. The names of Prescott, Longfellow, Emerson, Webster, Sprague, Sharp, Parsons, Whipple, Lowell, Sumner, Winthrop, and Hillard, among many others, appear in the table of contents. Mr. James T. Fields contributes the following touching little poem, which I extract from the proof-sheets:—

LAST WISHES OF A CHILD.

"All the hedges are in bloom,
And the warm west wind is blowing,—
Let me leave this stifled room,
Let me go where flowers are growing!

"Look! my cheek is thin and pale,
And my pulse is very low,
Ere my sight begins to fail,
Mother dear, you'll let me go!

"Was not that the robin's song
Piping through the casement wide?
I shall not be listening long,
Take me to the meadow side;—

"Bear me to the willow brook,—
Let me hear the merry mill,—
On the orchard I must look,
Ere my beating heart is still.

"Faint and fainter grows my breath,—
Bear me quickly down the lane!
Mother dear, this chill of death—
I shall never speak again!"

Still the hedges are in bloom,
And the warm west wind is blowing;—
Still we sit in silent gloom,
O'er her grave the grass is growing.

Robert Browning's Poems, and Grace Greenwood's volume of miscellanies, entitled "Greenwood Leaves," which were announced some time since as in the press of Ticknor and Company, are progressing rapidly, and will shortly be published.

Messrs. Crosby and Nichols have in the press a volume of sermons on Representative Characters of the Old Testament, by the Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse: "The Christian Parent," by the Rev. Mr. Muzzey, author of the "Young Maiden;" a volume of discourses by the Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol of this city, and a new volume by the Rev. Dr. Burnap, of Baltimore.

Messrs. Little and Brown have just published the New French dictionary of M. Spiers, upon which so many scholastic encumbrances have been passed in Europe. The last London Examiner, through whose columns few besides Mr. Forster are allowed to speak, says of M. Spiers' work:—"At last we have a real French dictionary—a dictionary of the modern French language as it is actually written and spoken, compiled by a scholar and a man of taste. And our French neighbors have an English dictionary, its counterpart and its equal in value and utility. The plan of M. Spiers' Dictionary was submitted to M. Guizot in 1835, and the work is the result of the fourteen years which have since elapsed. It is every way worthy of the patient and persevering toil devoted to its composition."

Mr. Brown, of the above house, has just returned from Europe, and brings with him many large and valuable additions to their rich stock of English and foreign literature. Among many beautifully illustrated books, there is an elegant edition of Dr. Watts's Divine Songs for Children, equalling in mechanical execution anything ever before published in London, of which, as of many other books heretofore held at very high prices, Messrs. L. and B. have purchased so large a quantity as to enable them to undersell the London booksellers.

Messrs. Phillips, Sampson, and Company, have just published Lamartine's History of the Revolution of 1848, and the first part of their new illustrated Shakspeare, which were announced some weeks since. The excellence of the translation of Lamartine's book is sufficiently attested by the names of the translators, Messrs. F. A. Durivage and W. S. Chase, the editor of the new edition of De Vericour's work on Modern French Literature. Messrs. Phillips, Sampson, and Company, are printing a new edition of the first and second volumes of Hume's England, the first edition of some twenty-five hundred copies having been disposed of in the course of five weeks. The third volume is also in the press, and will be published in a few days. Mr. Sampson, of this firm, has just returned from London, whither he has been to make arrangements for the importation of the most important English books in large quantities, and to secure the advance sheets of some books which are to be published during the ensuing season.

M. de Vericour, in a letter recently received by Mr. Chase, states that he has nearly completed a course of lectures on the History of Europe and Christian Civilization, illustrating the doctrine of progress, and is preparing a course on *Æsthetics, à la portée de tout le monde*. The author's American reputation is such as to insure a favorable reception to these new productions whenever they shall make their appearance here.

Messrs. Benjamin B. Mussey and Company have just published the new edition of Smyth's Lectures on Modern History, edited by Mr.

Nichols of Cambridge, and a new edition of Virgil, with notes by Mr. Edward Moore.

Messrs. Wilkins, Carter, and Company, have in the press a new edition of Psalmody, entitled "The Bay State Collection of Church Music," edited by Mr. A. N. Johnson and two other eminent teachers in Boston. It is to contain a new feature, and a very valuable one, in the form of an index to the first lines of the hymns in some half dozen of the principal hymn-books, with the names of the appropriate tunes annexed; so that there will be no excuse hereafter for a country's choir singing a *Jubilate* where they should have sung a *Miserere*.

I had almost forgotten to mention Whittier's new volume, which is in the press of Ticknor and Company. It is entitled "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," and will contain among many admirable papers one on Richard Baxter's courtship, and articles on Bunyan, Thomas Elwood, the friend of Milton, William Leggett, and others. It will be published in the course of three weeks.

Will not some publisher give the American public a good complete edition of the poetical works of the late Horace Smith? Sir William Jones says, that "The best monument that can be erected to a man of literary talents is a good edition of his works." Surely we have enjoyed the fruits of Smith's humor and fancy sufficiently to justify the erection of a pretty tall obelisk.

C. B. F.

The Fine Arts.

THE ART-UNION.—OPENING OF THE NEW GALLERY.

THE new gallery of the Art-Union was opened for the first, and "inaugurated," to borrow a word from the French vocabulary, on Monday evening last, under the most auspicious circumstances. An invited company of about a hundred and fifty gentlemen, amongst whom we noticed some of our most distinguished and respected citizens, were present on the occasion. It would be difficult to find a more brilliant *salle de reception* than is formed by the spacious room of the Art-Union, adorned with its freshly painted and newly framed pictures, glittering with unfaded colors under innumerable jets of gas. Nor could one assist easily at a more rational and satisfactory entertainment than one where the chief attractions are the most recent productions of our artists, and where, to the convivial pleasures of the evening, was added the generous motive of co-operation with the efforts of an Institution devoted to the progress and establishment of American Art.

The second gallery communicates with the first by a wide entrance on the left as you enter from Broadway. It is nearly of equal dimensions, but in its shape and proportions perhaps even better adapted for the purposes of display, being a long octagon, thus relieving the ends of the room from their rectangular stiffness, and throwing the pictures into bolder prominence. Taken together, the two galleries are now admirably arranged to serve the objects of the Art-Union. Unless we are much mistaken, they will come to be more and more regarded as the central depository of the results of artistic effort, and the most authentic witnesses of its progress.

The gallery reopens with a large accession to the number of its works of art. The catalogue of pictures already purchased, which was distributed to the guests on Monday evening, exhibits a list of 321 paintings, the property of

the society, besides a number on exhibition. The large number of pictures secured thus early in the season, is a most satisfactory indication of the state of the subscription list, which, as we are told, has reached a point far in advance of its numerical strength at this date in the last year.

The universal opinion and expression on the part of the company assembled at the opening of the Gallery, to which we refer particularly because embodying an unusual degree of discernment and critical appreciation, testified to the great improvement made by the present exhibition on that of 1848. It is very true that the public is not yet invited to a collection of faultless paintings, nor are critics and connoisseurs summoned to their scrutiny as the highest products of art. It is very true that out of the 321 to be distributed by impartial lot, as surely as the Ides of December come round, between Maine and Georgia, there are some which the blindest votary of chance might desire to be for ever delivered from, even at the risk of the blankest blank that ever turned out of the wheel of Fortune. But then these exceptions (with regard to whose merits, too, we freely admit, there are most catholic diversities of opinion) are the necessary incidents of every enterprise of this description. Imagine a private individual who should attempt to create and continue a gallery of pictures on the principle of reinforcing it annually with four or five hundred contemporaneous works by native and resident artists! Suppose him, moreover, limited by a stringent necessity to a few months' time in which to make his selections and purchases, and cramped, as we can well imagine he might be, by the scanty supply which would offer itself of works of unquestionable excellence. What would be the result when he came to the end? In spite of all his care, and all his discrimination, could he keep his travelled friends, fresh from the "Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff," of the Continent, from detecting fifty "daubs," and turning up their noses fatally at whole rows of landscape, sea pieces, and historic composition?

More than this, let any one who has seen the Louvre, and toiled through the Spanish Gallery, or gone laboriously through the Brera at Milan, finding one enjoyable and recollectable picture amongst a score of dingy and weather-beaten and unnoticeable pieces of framed canvas, with nothing but antiquity to recommend them, remember how small, even in such famous galleries (permanent, too, and not every year to be exhausted and made over again), is the proportion of the good to the bad, the valuable to the worthless—and then let him deal gently with the mediocrities of our modern annual exhibitions. The very principle of their creation, the very demand they must satisfy, require a universality of selection, and forbid to a great degree the niceties of close discrimination. The spectator, when he comes to scrutinize, looks for himself, and to suit his own taste. The Art-Union, when it buys, is catering for the artistic appetite of Twenty Thousand.

But to come back to the Gallery, and the entertainment of Monday evening, we are reminded of several pictures which attracted universal regard, and which have not as yet been noticed in our columns.

Amongst these are the works of two artists who have recently domiciliated themselves in this country, NAHL and WENDEROTH. A striking picture by the former, called in the catalogue "*A Spanish Lady*," hangs at the extremity of the new gallery, and is one of

the most conspicuous features of the collection. The lady stands on a balcony, playing with a parrot, and is as gorgeous and dazzling as feathers and gilt can make her. Most attractive will she be to the lovers of beauty adorned the most. The artist has aimed at the eye, and will be sure to hit the mark with most of the visitors of the gallery. Another picture by the same artist is No. 258—"*Turkish Ladies at the Bath*"—in which he has managed a striking effect of artificial light, thrown upon the water in contrast with the moonlight, with remarkable skill. This artist draws with great accuracy and truth. Some carefully finished studies, small in size, but exquisite in detail, have been bought by the Art-Union, and will be distributed among the prizes. Amongst them are some drawings after nature in New Holland, of native scenes and figures which, although executed with some freedom as to subject, are full of force and vitality. Nahl is the Melville of India ink.

WENDEROTH contributes a picture or two of an equestrian description, which cannot fail to become vastly popular. One of the "*Cirque Français*," No. 257, and another of "*Abd-El-Kader's Horse*," the former especially showy and vivid, with a truth to its subject greater than an observer ignorant of the reality might at first sight suppose.

Passing from these very gay and flashy subjects to a much more serious composition, it is hard to find in the whole gallery a more exquisite or satisfying picture than No. 1173—"*The Fisherman's Funeral*," painted by GEORGE SAUL. It represents a moonlight with light, fleecy clouds, over a mountain lake in Norway. In the foreground two boats filled with figures are crossing the water in a mournful funeral procession. The transparent light of the moon, the reflection in the water, the clouds and the sky surrounding, and the heavy shadowed masses of the mountains, are all painted with surprising truth and beauty.

LEUTZE'S new picture of the "*Attainder of Strafford*," which arrived but a few days ago, has taken its place in the gallery. It is stamped with the characteristics of this powerful artist. There is perhaps a little of the melodramatic in the composition, but the story is effectively told, and the subject handled with vigor and boldness. It seems to have been painted with more than usual care and attention to detail.

We were glad to see a charming, though small picture by HICKS, a true reproduction of the wild, desolate scenery of Subiaco, painted with the most exquisite truth to nature. Beside the picture we were glad, too, to see the artist himself—home again after four or five years of experiment and experience in Europe, prepared, we have no doubt, to exhibit their results in his labors, to which we look with an unusual degree of confidence and hope.

Our limits forbid a further mention of particular pictures. Enough has been said to excite a curiosity in the new collection, which will be better satisfied by inspection than by criticism. We must not forget, however, to give due prominence to the closing scenes of the entertainment of Monday evening, which, artistically enough, took place 'round the supper table. General Wetmore, the President of the Art-Union, did the honors of the occasion, and, it is needless to say, they could have been done by no one better. He introduced Major Poussin, the French minister, who had been all the evening in the gallery,

evidently a surprised, and, as his remarks evinced, a highly gratified observer of the works of our artists. His speech, besides the usual compliments due to the occasion, was quite to the point, considering the position of the Art-Union in its national aspect, as an institution which, while it advances the interests of art at home, gives to artists the opportunity of studying more effectually the works of the European masters, thus exerting a legitimate and efficient international influence.

The Art-Unions of Cincinnati and Philadelphia were well represented, the former by the Rev. Dr. Magoon, and the latter by the Rev. Dr. Bethune, who was introduced in a very happy manner by Mr. McMichael of Philadelphia. Doctor Bethune's speech was quite the feature of the evening. It was a graceful, eloquent sketch of the progress and capabilities of art in this country, the advanced position in point of actual growth which it had already gained, and the encouragements for its future triumphs. He closed with a very earnest remonstrance against the slight which American artists put upon the history of their own country in selecting so few of their subjects from its annals, and brought his audience up to a high point of patriotic as well as artistic enthusiasm, by giving as a toast, "The American Revolution, a fit subject for American artists."

After numerous congratulatory and appropriate speeches, the company separated in the best possible humor with the Art-Union and the arts in general. The new gallery is now permanently open, and with its increased attractions cannot fail to secure immediately the admiration it deserves on the part of the public.

What is Talked About.

—The Hon. Mr. BANCROFT and family have returned to this country by the Europa. On his arrival from London at Liverpool, he was most courteously entertained by the Mayor of the city, visiting in his company the chief public buildings and leading manufacturing establishments, and dining afterwards with a select party at the Union Club. Mr. Bancroft, we understand, will take up his residence in this city.

—An appeal is made by the Committee of "The Campbell Monument in Westminster Abbey," among whom we notice the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Brougham, Macaulay, Jeffrey, Rogers, Hallam—for funds to aid in the prosecution of the work. The statue has been completed to the entire satisfaction of the Committee by W. CALDER MARSHALL, Esq., A.R.A., but owing to the deficient state of the funds, its erection for the present is unavoidably postponed. Mr. GEORGE P. PUTNAM has been authorized to act as agent in the United States, and we are requested to state that any contributions forwarded to him for the purpose will be promptly transmitted to the Committee.

—Messrs. GOUPI, VIBERT & Co., announce that the Minister of the Interior of the French Republic has decided that three pictures from the exhibition of the Tuileries, *The Conversion*, by M. Gendron; *Liberty*, by M. Landelle; *The Fish Market*, by M. Duval-Le-Camus, shall be presented to their "International Art-Union, to aid it in attaining the laudable object which it has in view, and to bear witness to the sympathy inspired by these efforts to extend in another country the popularity of the works of the schools of France." The pictures, we believe, have not yet arrived

in this city, and we understand that they will form part of the distribution of 1849.

—The Dusseldorf Art-Union has distributed twelve paintings to American holders of tickets—which will be received shortly at the Exhibition room of the Dusseldorf collection in Broadway.

—Miss FREDERIKA BREMER was expected in London at the latest accounts *en route* to the United States.

—Messrs. HARPER will put to press immediately a new novel, by the author of "Jane Eyre."

—We would call attention to Signor SARTI's lectures on Physiology, illustrated by his beautiful full length anatomical models, which are now being delivered at 396 Broadway. It is an exhibition which all persons, educated and uneducated, should witness. These elaborate figures, modelled, we believe, in wax, have acquired a European reputation, and have been deservedly admired by all judges of anatomical studies for their extreme beauty and fidelity to nature. After making the tour of various countries, Signor Sarti has now brought his treasures to these States, where we trust that all who value their own health will lose no time in learning what can only be learnt from accurate models, viz. a knowledge of themselves. As works of art this exhibition should not be neglected. On Wednesdays Madame Sarti lectures to ladies, and we hope the women of this city will endeavor to gain some insight into their physical construction by the means now offered them, the only means, indeed, open to their sex for information on this subject. An attentive study of some of these laborious and beautiful models may save many from years of lingering pain and disease, brought on by ignorance and prejudice.

—On the evening of Wednesday, the 12th, M. STRAKOSCH gave a farewell concert at the Tabernacle, previous to his departure for South America. He was assisted by Mr. and Madame Leati, Senora Casini, and Mr. Timm; a full orchestra was likewise announced, but we feel bound to state that such a performance as the murdered overture at the opening of the evening could not be tolerated by any audience. M. Strakosch has improved in delicacy since we last heard him in this city. He may never be a sure and conscientious player, his style being too impetuous, but we imagine there is more certainty in his finger than there was last season. He performed his *Fantasia Dramatique* on the Lucia di Lammermoor, of which we have before spoken, added to which we had several new compositions, all of the very lightest class. There can hardly be a question that a distinguished artist must be wholly humoring the public, and not following his own taste, when he devotes himself to trifles of this nature, but it is by no means a compliment to our musical audience. The Polkas, Waltzes, &c., were excellently played, and will doubtless become popular. The gem of the exhibition to our mind, was the arrangement of the Septette from Ernani, which was skillful and artistic, and admirably played. Of the vocal part, we must accord that the Leatis made a better impression than on their first appearance some months since. Madame Leati is a clever singer, and if her voice is no longer fresh, it still retains some sweetness in the middle region. Senora Casini gave two ambitious scenes, the one from Puritani, "Qui la Voce;" the second, Maretzek's *Finale* to Linda di Chamounix, written for Madame Laborde. It is an ungracious composition at the best, and requires every advantage of organ

and cultivation to make it effective; and Senora Casini appeared too nervous to do justice to herself or her music. She has a thin soprano voice, capable of some execution, and as well as we could judge, gave evidences of feeling and taste. The House was well attended, and we may note that this Concert had one great advantage, viz. it was short. The audience, therefore, were contented and pleased to the last.

—The Rev. Dr. WAINWRIGHT, it is expected, will return to New York next month from his European and Eastern tour.

—Among the deaths at Panama by the last arrival, we see noticed that of ISRAEL POST, formerly well known among authors and the trade from his connexion with the publication of several American Ladies' Magazines. The same arrival also brings the intelligence of the death, on the Upper Sacramento, California, of CHARLES W. HOLDEN, the proprietor of Holden's Magazine.

—The Press notices with general regret the death in this city of Dr. JAMES A. HORSRON, well known from his engagement as Reporter to the United States Senate and for a long series of spirited contributions to the Herald newspaper. He was a native of Ireland, and on his arrival in this country was engaged on a medical periodical of ability. He was but thirty-three years of age.

—The following, relative to the French African Exploring Expedition, is credited to the Parisian journal, *La Presse*. "Amongst the news recently received from Senegal, the *Courrier de la Gironde* notices an event which cannot fail to have the happiest effect on our naval commerce, so cruelly injured by the conquerors of the 24th of Feb. An expedition attempted by, Capt. Boüet, on the Grand Bassam river, has produced results which would appear fabulous, had they not acquired a great degree of authenticity from the very source whence they emanated. On the 4th of March last, M. Boüet, then commanding the *Serpent*, succeeded in crossing the bar of the river, which has acquired such an evil reputation, and his entrance was hailed by salvos of artillery from the fort and the ships in the harbor. The dangers of the exploring expedition were terrible. Of four officers Captain Auguste Boüet lost three; the fourth, with the surgeon, and a few white seamen, whom he succeeded in saving, returned to France in a condition truly deplorable. M. Boüet himself was attacked by illness no less than three times; but his energy was not in the slightest degree subdued by sickness. 'Thanks to Heaven,' says the letter which apprises us of these details, 'he has succeeded, and the happiest results have crowned his enterprise. He has discovered two magnificent lakes, where palm-oil is so abundant that the ship had not vessels enough to hold it. Now, according to the dealers themselves, palm-oil gives a profit of 80 per cent., whilst gold only yields 50 or 60.' The adjoining villages are said to overflow with produce of all sorts. Captain Boüet has, however, visited unknown regions, established relations, and asserted the power of France in the midst of a country the very centre of the gold trade, the only commerce hitherto carried on at Grand Bassam. He has discovered, what all skillful geographers already suspected, that the Grand Bassam is a confluent of the Niger. It being the dry season, the want of water prevented its exploration; but in the rainy season there are six feet of water, and the river may be ascended as far as the cataracts of Abouesson, 50 leagues distant. At that place the traveller is within 60 leagues of Segou, and

the course of the Niger is still continued. Thus, the anticipations of Captain Bouët are confirmed, and every day adduces fresh proofs of their correctness. When the steamer Guet-tander proceeds to Grand Bassam, that vessel, which only draws two feet of water, will entirely solve the problem. Thus, a well-armed and well-supplied vessel will penetrate to the interior of the country, traversing a district of which Captain Bouët has seen a part himself, and which is the *entrepôt* and the passage for the caravans of the gold and silk merchants, and where the gallant captain discovered, and inhabited for two days, a city more ancient and more important than Timbuctoo. 'I must write a volume,' concludes the letter, 'were I to attempt to relate the dangers and adventures of the expedition.' It is probable that a copy of M. Bouët's report will be transmitted to the Chamber of Commerce, and afterwards published.

— Mr. MACAULAY, it is stated in the English papers, recently arrived in Dublin from Kilkenny, and left the next day for Carrickfergus. A vast deal of assistance, it is added, has been given him in his efforts to procure information; his account of the Williamite campaign promising to be the most interesting ever published. No publisher's announcement has appeared of the continuation of the History, a statement which we make at the suggestion of a Broadway bookseller, to relieve the anxieties of some half dozen callers on an average per diem, who sport their quarter of a dollar with a demand for "the new number of Macaulay." They evidently suppose classic histories can be turned out in a litter like shilling novels, and go away grumbling at the culpable delay of the author.

— Mr. MACREADY is to appear at the Haymarket on the 25th October, his engagement continuing through two months; to be succeeded by the Keans, when he will again appear to take his farewell of the stage. During these two engagements it is stated that he will appear in thirty-five different characters.

— ALBERT SMITH, on his way to the East, writes a letter to the *Illustrated London News* of Sept. 1st, from Rome, dated August 18. He entered the city from Civita Vecchia, a route which he finds sufficiently disagreeable. "If you travel by day, and keep your eyes open, the dust produces ophthalmia; if by night, and go to sleep, you come in for all the consequences of miasmata; and either way, the journey takes up a good eight hours, during which you are choked if you open the windows, and suffocated if you shut them." A view of the actual condition of Rome at this time, from the accomplished contributor to Punch, is of interest:—

"We entered Rome in a diligence—which at present goes or not, according to the chance of passengers, of whom there are very few—by the Porta Cavalleggeri; and passing St. Peter's, soon found evidences of the late siege, on either side of the 'golden Tiber,' as the clay-colored river has been termed by highly imaginative poets. Clumps of houses around St. Angelo had been knocked down, or blown up, into heaps of brickbats, from which patches of frescoed walls and ornamented passages rose up, here and there, in melancholy ruin. A stranger would have thought that the first step had been taken towards forming some great new street. This demolition, however, soon terminated; and then, as we passed along the narrow streets, more or less dirty, which lead to the Corso, the French soldiers were the only evidences of the late struggle. And these literally swarm everywhere. They

are the sentinels at all the public buildings and places; they fill all the *cafés*, throng all the churches and 'sights,' occupy the pavements, and form the chief audiences at all the theatres. In fact, just now, Rome would be rather solemn and dull without them, for they appear to be the only lively individuals in the place. At the same time their conduct is most unexceptionable, although they have made themselves as perfectly at home as if the Piazza Colonna were the Place Vendôme; and they are looking forward with much anticipation to the winter, when, they have heard, there is a great deal of amusement. So that, at all events, there appears to be something more than a temporary occupation of the Eternal City. The proprietor of the Café Nuovo, a huge building which was formerly a palace, has found it to his interest to re-christen his establishment the Café Militaire Français; and Parisian methods of announcement are here and there visible in the shop windows; for money is frightfully scarce. Garibaldi marched off with so many scudi, that the present currency of Rome is chiefly paper, and notes are issued for sums as low as fivepence. A fellow-countryman, in changing one of Count's circular notes for £20 this morning, at Torlonia's, received the sum entirely in paper, for which he could not get more than £15 in coins of any kind at the money-changers. To the comparatively limited treasury of a traveller this is a serious loss, and especially in the present case, where the holder was about to start for Marseilles, and the paper is utterly worthless beyond the frontier of the Papal States.

"Fortunately 'the Rome of the Cæsars' is unharmed and unchanged. The Capitol, which may be said, in some measure, to divide the modern city from the ancient one, appears also to act as a barrier to the troops, for, beyond its barracks, few are to be met with. They evidently find a greater charm in the present than the past. The graceful columns and arches of the Forum—so impressive in their solemn decay—still glow in the sunset, as they have done for eighteen hundred years; the wild convolvulus is not trodden down on the arena of the Colosseum, and the same pavement over which the triumphal pageants once passed to the Clivus Asyli, amidst palaces and temples, has remained unshaken by modern baggage and artillery. Even the modern Campo Vaccino has escaped the havoc and confusion of the siege. The beautiful white oxen, with their enormous and widely-spreading horns, lie about it undisturbed, under the shade of the carts that they have drawn from the neighbouring farms; and amidst the remains of the Palace of the Cæsars, the vine-dressers are hard at work, and the laborers are just now gathering the garden fruits, and packing them up for exportation round the old fountain. Of these the tomato forms the staple. They gather it when verging from the green into the red; when riper, its apple forms a bright pleasing object among the ruins. The English burying-ground, near the pyramid of Caius Cestus, is in possession of the troops. Its walls appear to have made it a position of some consequence during the siege, as they are pierced from cannon in all directions. Some of the slabs are recently broken, and that over Shelley's child had been moved from its brickwork. The humble little gravestone of Keats remained untouched; but the whole place had a sad uncared-for aspect.

"I have hinted that the Romans do not appear to be a very joyous people. One can

scarcely conceive that the lowering and mistrustful looks encountered in the Corso belong to the same race whose frantic fun with the *confetti* and *moccoli* at Carnival time is a wonder of the world. To be sure, the present is not a very favorable period to judge of them from. Things are, however, getting a little more cheerful. The theatres have opened, and the placards of the acrobats and mountebanks appear upon the walls. Amongst them is our old friend the Courier of St. Petersburg riding his four horses at once. He is here, however, the Courier of Terracina; indeed, it is remarkable in how many parts of the world this singularly unsafe and uncomfortable method of forwarding despatches appears to be popular.

"The best supported theatre is an open-air one, on the ancient model, and situated, oddly enough, on the summit of the mausoleum of Augustus, which is a huge circular building; so that the performances may be described as taking place on the top of a vast tub. Yesterday I saw there a translation of an old minor theatre melodrama, 'The Lear of Private Life,' called 'Il Pazzo per la Figlia.' The subject is English, and a footman in livery was dressed in plush and gaiters, with a bright blue shirt, no coat, and a red sash round his waist. I never saw an audience so completely carried away by a piece. Whilst the virtuous characters were applauded to the echo, the evil ones, however well they were played, were yelled and hooted whenever they appeared; and I do believe, if the audience had encountered them on their way home, it would have gone hard with them. These performances take place between 5 and 8 P. M., and when it gets dusk a few lamps are lighted. As all over the Continent, Sunday is the great day with them; and last week, when the bells of San Carlo—the tower of which church overlooks the theatre—began to chime for vespers at the Ave Maria, interrupting the dialogue, there was a great uproar.

"Wednesday was a religious festival and holiday, being the Assumption. The night before, the city was illuminated with small paper lanterns, stencilled with a rude image of the Virgin. In the absence of wind, there was no fear of these blowing over, or the conflagration would have been general. Mass was celebrated at all the churches; but the absence of the Pope, and the high dignitaries, diminished the pageantry. At St. Peter's, quantities of persons took their dogs in, which barked and squabbled uninterruptedly during the service.

"The heat is tremendous; and long after sunset the granite of the buildings is warm to the touch. The fountains everywhere are, however, most refreshing. No place can be so well supplied as Rome with cold, bright, drinkable water, which, independently of the great fountains, gushed forth in all sorts of courts and by-streets, and is turned to good account at the stalls of the lemonade merchants, in all sorts of cooling devices."

— The mining Chronicles of the gallant Californians begin to darken sadly, though not unexpectedly to us, as our columns from the beginning witness. The predicted revolution of the precious metals, when gold would cease to be gold, and people would upon the whole prefer tin, with a thousand other fancies in the relations of wealth and labor, have all been scattered by a few inexorable facts. Every ounce of gold is at least as dearly paid for by the sweat of the brow on the Pacific as in the streets of New York. The gold is there in abundance, apparently, but a multitude of com-

pensating forces quietly thrust themselves in to retard its gathering. Count the cost, and gold still remains gold.

Hard to get and heavy to hold.

This is one of the latest experiences from a correspondent on the spot, of the date of July, of the *Journal of Commerce*. He has described the sickening landing at San Francisco, the glad escape to the mountains, and the final arrival at the Diggings. "Now comes the hard reality of California. You rise at 4 o'clock, swallow a hasty bit or two, then leap into your 'hole,' and delve there till 11 o'clock. The sun pours down most scorchingly—the high perpendicular rocks on each side reflect the heat, and make it doubly overpowering—above all, you are steaming away your life in a deep hole, just large enough for full swing in your horrid labor—and all breezeless as the grave. The feeblest one in the company rocks the machine, the strongest digs in the hole, and the other carries the earth. At last you retire for the forenoon, to scorch over cooking the dinner, and loll panting in the shade till 3 or 4 o'clock. If you have made anything in the morning, this is the time to 'blow gold,' from the fine black sand in which the final washing leaves it. Then, until dark, work is pushed.

"This is mining life. Sunday, of course, is a day of rest. Then clothes are washed, visits exchanged, books read, and all public business transacted.

"The thermometer tells almost incredible stories in the mines. According to my personal observation, at two o'clock, P.M., it ranges from 100 to 110 degrees Fahr., in the shade. In the sun I have known it to rise to 146. At night it is between 50 and 70! At any time between 9 A.M. and 3 P.M., an egg will be cooked by the sand in a minute and a half. This has been tried. Some say, but for this I cannot vouch, that they throw tea-leaves into cold water, and half an hour in the sun makes the mixture good tea.

"Such intense heat is beyond all powers of description. I have ranged through every variety of climate,—have been becalmed a week under the line,—but never before felt or dreamed of such withering fire as fills the atmosphere every day at noon. Add to this the fact that digging for gold is most severe, weakening labor, and you will not wonder that half of all the emigrants leave the mines within the first week. Most men are not able to work in the sun, as they must if they would work to any advantage; and many who are able will not toil thus 'for all the gold in California.' At the mines we hear sometimes of a lucky man in a rich 'lead,' who is making a fortune, but the general cry is, 'What fools we all were, to leave comfortable homes for this corner of h—.' The man who can and will work hard, averages from half an ounce to an ounce daily, and will soon quadruple that amount. His board, if he cooks for himself, costs nearly \$2 per diem.

"Some companies have been cutting canals, to divert the river and leave its golden bed exposed. If they succeed in doing this their harvest will be astonishing, and there is only this if in the case. The President of one of these companies, Lacy, of Lacy's Bar, offers \$1,000 and board for four months' labor, and can find few to accept, so confidently do all count upon the fall of the river, and better diggings near its bed.

"The general health of the mines is now excellent. Overwork and exposure to the sun are the only causes of sickness. The river water is melted snow from the mountains, and

nothing can be more pleasant or healthful. The snow, however, is nearly all melted; the river falls fast, and will soon only be supplied by springs poisoned by beds of copper ore. The water must then be boiled before it is drunk; but yet it is impossible to avoid the danger of dysentery, and all diseases incident to a feverish climate. Still, this is the best season for digging, and men will heap up their gold dust till Death strikes them down upon their pile of pelf.

"Very many are waiting until the heat abates, intending to build a log hut, and spend the rainy season, as far as New Year at least, in the Mines. The labor then is no less difficult, but the weather is spring-like, and delightfully cool. The dry diggings, which are now deserted for lack of water, will then be reopened, and, we hope, some dollars made. It rains two or three days weekly in that season,—never, now."

—HORACE GREELEY closes a letter in the *Tribune* on the termination of the Agricultural Fair at Syracuse, with a few remarks on the intellectuality of farmers:—"Here, I repeat, is the turning point as to the utility or uselessness of Agricultural Fairs: *Do they induce the Farmers to THINK?* If not, all the mere sight-seeing, and even the lecturing and speech-making, are of little worth. It is not what he learns at a Fair that is important, but what he is induced to study and master at home. An Agricultural treatise, though ever so correct and pertinent, may as often set him wrong as right if he knows nothing and learns nothing outside of it. It may tell him how Lime, Plaster, Ashes, Salt, Bone-dust, or something else, has been used with great profit by men who knew what they were about, but cannot assure him that he can do likewise unless he also knows his whole business. Every year sees enough labor absolutely wasted by bad Farming to construct a Railroad to the Pacific, and yet 'a little learning' swallowed wrong end foremost, may aggravate the evil rather than mitigate it. Hence the demand for a State Agricultural College—a Normal School of Agriculture—to which every Assembly District should be authorized the first year to send one pupil, the second another, and so on until four or more pupils should be admitted from each District, to study and work three years, paying their own way, and graduating, qualified not only to farm thoroughly, but to counsel and instruct their less favored neighbors. By pursuing this plan, the College may be made a universal blessing.

"It is sad to see so many blank, unintellectual faces among the followers of so noble a vocation as that of farming. A daily observation of the clouds, winds, temperature, and other phenomena of Nature, to say nothing of the marvels of Chemistry and the mysteries of germination and growth, ought to render the brownest face radiant with intelligence—with soul. Is it not oftener far otherwise?"

"A change must and shall come. Among the means of producing it are Agricultural Books, Periodicals, Fairs, and Colleges. Let us have the benefit of them all."

EXPERIMENT IN PULPIT ACOUSTICS AT TRINITY.

The spirit of alteration which seems to have taken possession of New York, to judge from the appearance of the streets from Union Square to the Battery, has at length reached one of the churches—Trinity—which has not been able to withstand the infection of the times. During the summer months, four new and very elegant windows have been cut in the side walls of the magnificent chancel, and by means of the added light thus afforded, its beauty is now more plainly seen

and can be better appreciated. An alteration has also been made, by which the glare of light through the superb stained glass at the end of the chancel is now much more subdued, and the effect is altogether more pleasing, while the light is less trying to the eyes.

If these had been all the changes, they would have been very generally approved, but for some weeks past a series of experiments has been going on, with a view to render the sound of the preacher's voice more audible throughout the church. The first was an immense uncouthly shaped sounding-board over the pulpit, fastened to the beautiful pillar with ropes. This disfigured the church for a couple of weeks, without affording any benefit, and was taken down to be replaced by another of hexagonal shape, propped up very awkwardly, and tied fast to the pillar also with ropes. Neither of these, however, seems to have effected the desired purpose, as another novelty has just been added, in the shape of a white pine six-sided box, standing on four slim posts and propped up against the furthest corner of the main building, rendering the person of the preacher who may be in it (for it is intended for the pulpit), invisible to two-fifths of the congregation, and his voice inaudible to nearly all. With its present appendages the church is disfigured, and its beautiful proportions marred by those excrescences, which are entirely out of keeping with everything about them.—*Courier and Enquirer*.

BALLOONING.

THERE have been many happy specimens of slang literature of late, but the following, "time and place considered," is certainly the most felicitous. It is going the rounds of the press, as an original account by PROFESSOR RISLEY, the well known accomplished posture master, furnished to an English paper of his recent ascent in the Nassau Balloon with Mr. Green.

There were a couple of cars attached to the balloon, eight passengers occupying the first, and two in the lower one. Amidst my companions was my *protégé*, the Young Hernandez, and a couple of ladies. No sooner had I vaulted into the car than I felt as if already in some new element, and unable to keep my position, I squatted like a sailor on a crosstree upon the hoop that unites the lashings of the car, and in that elevated position had an opportunity of telegraphing tokens of good will with all my friends. I can only liken my feelings at the moment to those I used to experience in my hobbledehoyish days when I left the university at vacation for home, and I have a smart calculation that the machine must have been inflated for the occasion with oxygen that had effervesced from a tun of champagne. A fair *compagnon de voyage* asked me what I would take for supper in my elevated lodging, and I answered, "A boiled squab and a brandy smash!"

"Boom!" went the signal gun for starting as I spoke, and the stays were cast off. I leaped to my feet upon my perch, and saw every hat in the gardens waving. Off went my own beaver, and I ascended with the lightest heart I ever felt in my life. Mr. Ferrars, the worshipful secretary of the gardens, was as much excited as myself, and leaped to the opposite side of the hoop. His enthusiasm kept pace with my own, and each of us rigged our roasters, as we were about to join a jubilee of the gods.

We went ahead as if impatient to singe our pates against the sun, or as if old mother Earth was playing at foot-ball, and wished to try her strength on the Nassau balloon. Up we went walking into the upper regions like an opossum up a gum-tree, while the cheers of our friends and the clash of the band be-

neath produced a volume of sound not unlike the thunders of Niagara. Talk of sensations! I felt as if my soul had sloped sleek from its clay, and was going a holiday making with my heart in its hand.

A young gentleman in the car thought it as nice as a swing at a country fair.

"More like a jaunt to Paradise," said one of the ladies.

"Very likely," quoth the gentleman, "for we are hovering above one of its rivers."

"How can that be?" said I. "Yonder stream is the Thames."

"Very well," said my young friend; "and aint that identical with the river 'Pison?'"

I should have gone down speechless but for a glass of the immortal sherry of my friend Green. It was a drop out of the same bottle that he broached for the ladies on his last ascent, after tilting their protectors on the parapet of a house that hadn't the manners to step aside when it found itself in the way of the balloon.

We now began to clear the gardens, flying above the very birds, who piped a farewell, like so many Jenny Linds. It was up—up—soar—soar—till the pleasure grounds we had quitted appeared like the garden plot in front of a Camberwell cottage. The Thames twined over its shallows like a silver eel in a sand basket. Houses became birdcages, oaks dwindled into cabbages, men became specks, women dew-drops, and I began to think that the *genus homo* was in the habit of thinking a little too much of itself. To be serious, when I saw the great globe swinging at my feet, and the mightiest metropolis of the earth looking like a village down-east at the foot of a range of hills, it struck me as a thorough-going eternal truth, that it mattered little whether the Andes or the Grampian Hills were the chief scenic features of a nation; as it was only necessary to fly a little higher than a kite to reduce the mightiest mountain in the world to a mere mole-hill.

We now neared a bank of clouds, and I saw what I never thought of seeing as long as I lived—the moon beneath my feet. She was just topping the horizon, and we were at least a mile above the highest point of the surface. A bank of clouds surged beneath us; and, catching sunlight on one side, and moonlight on the other, gave a notion of a sea with waves washing silver from the east, and gold from the west. I thought what a panorama the scene would make: and, as we floated past a vista in the clouds, I thought also what an extensive bowling alley the divinities of heathen mythology might have constructed there; playing with thunderbolts for balls, and using lightning instead of gas to illuminate the place. But as we continued to mount, my terrestrial imaginings gave way to ideas of another kind. I was moving through that which forms the principles of both life and death—of that which nourishes and which decays—that which wafts the pleasure-boat to its destination, while nurturing an electric force sufficient to shatter our entire planet into fragments. Here we were piercing the elements of destruction, with no other intimation of their presence than the zephyr that fanned our foreheads.

Little Hernandez was as delighted as I was, and made us all smile by exclaiming, "If this be the pleasure of riding in the air, I don't wonder at Phaeton borrowing his father's horses to take a gallop over the clouds."

A merrier, happier party never congregated at the banquets of royalty. We were many of us strangers to each other, and yet we fr-

ternized without high treason or revolution, in the most amiable spirit imaginable. Why was this? Our lives hung on the chance of a moment, and the best thing that we could do, while in the enjoyment of vitality and health, was to gild the pill of existence as brightly as possible. Had I read the Bible from Genesis to Revelations, I could not have learned a better lesson; national animosities and human prejudices subsided before it. I felt that if the great family of man would but fancy itself in the car of a balloon, and make the best of matters, as we did, all would go slick and straight: at the moment I arrived at that conclusion, I resolved to preach the doctrine, and said, "Now, Mr. Green, I want to go mission-erizing: put me down, if you please."

We landed at Sydenham—landed in safety; and having made our acknowledgments to those who crowded to our assistance on reaching the *terra firma*, we returned to the gardens, where a spirit of the kindest welcome displayed itself in an outburst of those huzzas which Britishers turn to the two-fold purpose of welcoming their best friends, and dismaying their foes.

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 Arthur (T. S.).—Love in High Life. A Story of the Upper Ten. 8vo. pp. 100 (Phila.: T. B. Peterson.)
 Bickersteth (E.).—Domestic Portraiture of the Family of Legh Richmond, with Introductory Remarks by Rev. E. Bickersteth. 12mo. pp. 351 (New York: Carter & Brothers.)
 Bogue (D.).—The Theological Lectures of the late Rev. David Bogue, D.D. Edited by the Rev. J. S. C. F. Frey. 2d edition. 8vo. pp. 806 (New York: Harpers.)
 Macaulay (T. B.).—The History of England from the Accession of James II. 2 vols. in one. Royal 8vo. pp. 242, 245 (Cincinnati: E. D. Truman.)
 Mansfield (E. D.).—The Political Grammar of the United States. New and revised Edition, for the use of Colleges, Academies, and Schools. 12mo. pp. 234 (Cincinnati: E. D. Truman.)
 Marryatt.—The Phantom Ship, a Novel. By Captain Marryatt. 8vo. (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.)
 McFarland (R. W.).—The First Six Books of the *Æneid*, with the 1st, 2d, and 4th Eclogues of Virgil, with explanatory notes in English. By R. W. McFarland, A. B. 12mo. pp. 231 (Cincinnati: E. D. Truman.)
 My Mother; or, Recollections of Maternal Influence. 12mo. pp. 240 (New York: W. H. Hyde.)
 Shakespeare's Dramatic Works, with introductory remarks and notes original and selected. No. 1. The Tempest. 8vo. pp. 80 (Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.)
 Street (A. B.).—Frontenac; or, The Attarho of the Iroquois. A Metrical Romance, by Alfred B. Street. With portrait. 12mo. pp. 324 (New York: Baker & Scribner.)
 Thackeray (W. M.).—The History of Pendennis, No. 2. 8vo. with cuts (New York: Harpers.)
 The English Pulpit; collection of sermons by the most eminent Living Divines of England. 8vo. pp. 400 (New York: Carter & Brothers.)
 The Fortunes of Wonaan; a Novel. By the author of First Love. 8vo. (New York: Stringer & Townsend.)
 Trescott (W. H.).—A few Thoughts on the Foreign Policy of the United States. By William Henry Trescott. 12mo. pp. 24 (Charleston, S. C.: John Russell.)
 Weisbach (J.).—Principles of the Mechanics of Machinery and Engineering. By Julius Weisbach. 1st Am. Edit. Edited by Walter R. Johnson, A.M. Vol. 2. Applied Mechanics. With cuts. 8vo. pp. 393 (Phila.: Lea & Blanchard.)

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